THE Unhappy Favourite: OR THE Earl of ESSEX.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre Royal

By their Majesty's Servants.

Written by *John Bankes.*

——qui nimios optabat Honores,
Et nimias poscebat Opes, numerosa parabat
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus & impulsæ præceps immane Ruinæ. Juven. Sat. 10.

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Bentley* and *Mary Magnes* in *Russel-street* near the *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, 1682.

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To the Most High, and Most Illustrious

PRINCESS

The LADY

ANN,

Daughter to His

Royal Highness.

MADAM,

I Humbly lay before your Highness Feet an Unhappy Favourite, but 'tis in Your Power to make him no longer so; Not his Queens Repentance, nor her Tears cou'd Rescue him from the Malice of his Enemies, nor from the violence of a most unfortunate Death; but your Highness with this unspeakable Favour, and so Divine a Condescention in Protecting this once pitty'd Hero, will make him live Eternally; and those who cou'd scarce behold him on the Stage without weeping, when they shall see him thus exalted, will all turn en-

vious of his Fortune, which they can never think deplorable while he is grac'd by your Highneſs. For my own part, I tremble to expreſs my Thanks in ſo mean Language, but much more when I wou'd pay my Tribute of juſt Praiſes to your Highneſs; 'tis not to be attempted by any Pen, Heaven has done it to a Miracle in Your own Perſon, where are Written ſo many admirable Characters, ſuch Illuſtrious Beauties on a Body ſo Divinely fram'd, that there is none ſo dull and ignorant, that cannot read 'em plainly; And when You vouchſafe to caſt your Eyes on thoſe beneath You, they ſpeak their own Excellencies with greater Art and Eloquence, and attract more Admiration than ever *Virgil* did in his Divineſt Flight of Fancy, then *Ovid* in ſpeaking of his Princeſs, or *Appelles* in drawing of his *Venus*; Nor are Your Virtues, or Your Royal Blood leſs admirable, ſprung from the Ineſtimable Fountain of ſo many Illuſtrious Plantagenets, that I ſtand amaz'd at the Mightyneſs of the Subject which I have choſen; beſides the awful Genius of your Highneſs bids me beware how I come too near, leſt I Prophane ſo many Incomparable Perfections in ſo Sacred a Shrine as your Highneſs Perſon, where You ought to be ador'd,

and

and not seen: For, like the Antient Jews in their Religious Worship, 'tis a Favour for me to remain on the outward steps, and not approach nigh the Vail where the Crowd never come: This, Most Illustrious Princess, ought to check my Hand, least in attempting your Highness Character, my Apprehension of the Excellence of the Subject, and the Danger of miscarrying, should make my Fancy sink beneath so Glorious a Burthen; Therefore I will forbear troubling your Highness any further with the Rashness of my Zeal; nor dare I be dictated any longer by it, but will Conclude, in hopes that, when hereafter I may chance to Record the Memory of a Princess, whose Beauty, Fortune and Merits are greater than *Homer* ever feign'd, or *Tasso* Copy'd, I may have leave to draw her Pattern from your Highness, and when that is done, the rest of my Life shall be employ'd in Prayers for your Eternal Happiness, which be pleas'd to Interpret as the Duty of,

MADAM,

Your Highness's Most Obedient,
Most humble, and
Most Devoted Servant,

John Banks.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The Earl of Essex.	*Mr.* Clarke.
Earl of Southampton.	*Mr.* Gryffin.
Burleigh.	*Major* Mohun.
Sir Walter Rawleigh.	*Mr.* Disney.
Lieutenant of the Tower.	
Queen Elizabeth.	*Mrs.* Quyn.
Countess of Rutland *Secretly Married to the Earl of* Essex.	*Mrs.* Cook.
Countess of Nottingham.	*Mrs.* Corbett.

Women.
Gentlemen, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE

WHITE-HALL

AND THE

TOWER.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Major *Mohun*, the First Four Dayes.

THE Merchant, joyful with the Hopes of Gain,
Ventures his Life and Fortunes on the Main;
But the poor Poet oft'ner does Expose
More than his Life, his Credit, for Applause.
The Play's his Vessel, and his Venture, Wit:
Hopes are his Indies, *Rocks and Seas, the* Pit.
Yet our good-natur'd Author bids me Swear
He'll Court you still, the more his Fate draws near;
And cannot chuse but blame their Feeble Rage
That Crow at you, upon their Dunghill Stage;
A certain sign they merit to be Curst,
When, to excuse their faults, they cry Whore first.
So oft in their dull Prologues, 'tis expreſt,
That Critick now's become no more a Jeast;
Methinks self-intrest in 'em more should Rule;
There's none so impudent to ask a Dole,
And then to call his Benefactor Fool?
They Merit to be Damn'd as well as Poor,
For who that's in a Storm, and hears it roar,
But then would Pray, that never pray'd before?
Yet Seas are calm some times; and You, like those,
Are necessary Friends, but Curſed Foes:
But if amongst you all he has no Friend,
He humbly begs that you would be so kind,
Lay Malice by, and use him as you find.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken to the King and Queen at their coming to the House, and Written on purpose By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

WHEN first the Ark was Landed on the Shore,
And Heaven had vow'd to curse the Ground no more,
When Tops of Hills the Longing Patriark saw,
And the new Scene of Earth began to draw;
The Dove was sent to View the Waves Decrease,
And first brought back to Man the Pledge of Peace:
'Tis needless to apply when those appear
Who bring the Olive, and who Plant it here.
We have before our eyes the Royal Dove,
Still Innocence is Harbinger to Love,
The Ark is open'd to dismiss the Train,
And People with a better Race the Plain.
Tell me you Powers, why should vain Man pursue,
With endless Toyl, each object that is new,
And for the seeming substance leave the true——
Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the Manna of his dayly food?
Must England *still the Scene of Changes be,*
Tost and Tempestuous like our Ambient Sea?
Must still our Weather and our Wills agree?
Without our Blood our Liberties we have,
Who that is Free would Fight to be a Slave?
Or what can Wars to after Times Assure,
Of which our Present Age is not secure?
All that our Monarch would for us Ordain,
Is but t'Injoy the Blessings of his Reign.
Our Land's an Eden, *and the Main's our Fence,*
While we Preserve our State of Innocence;
That lost, then Beasts their Brutal Force employ,
And first their Lord, and then themselves destroy:
What Civil Broils have cost we knew too well,
Oh let it be enough that once we fell,
And every Heart conspire with every Tongue,
Still to have such a King, and this King Long.

THE

THE

Unhappy Favourite,

OR THE

EARL of ESSEX.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima

Countess of Nottingham, Burleigh *at several Doors. The Countess Reading a Letter.*

Not. HELP me to rail Prodigious minded *Burleigh*,
Prince of bold *English* Councils, teach me how
This hateful Breast of mine may Dart forth words,
Keen as thy Wit, Malitious as thy Person;
Then I'le Caress thee, stroak thee into shape.
This Rockey dismal Form of thine that holds
The most Seraphick Mind, that ever was;
I'le heal and Mould thee, with a soft Embrace;
Thy Mountain Back shall yield beneath these Arms,
And thy pale wither'd Cheeks that never glow,
Shall then be deck'd with Roses of my own——
Invent some new strange Curse that's far above
Weak Womans Rage to Blast the Man I Love.

Burl. What means the fairest of the Court, say what
More cruel Darts are forming in those Eyes
To make Adoring *Cecil* more unhappy?
If such a Wretched, and declar'd hard Fate
Attends the Man you Love, what then Bright Star
H'as your Malignant Beauty yet in Store
For him that is the Object of your Scorn?

Tell me that moſt unhappy, happy Man,
Declare who is this moſt ungrateful Lover?
And to obey my lovely *Nottingham*
I will prefer this dear Cabal, and her
To all the other Councils in the world;
Nay tho' the Queen, and her two Nations call'd,
And ſinking *England* ſtood this hour in need
For this ſupporting Head, they all ſhou'd ſue,
Or periſh all for one kind look from you.

Not. There ſpoke the *Genius*, and the Breath of *England*.
Thou *Eſculapius* of the Chriſtian World!
Methinks the Queen, in all her Majeſty,
Hemm'd with a Pomp of Ruſty Swords, and duller Brains,
When thou art abſent, is a Naked Monarch,
And fills an idle Throne till *Cecil* comes
To head her Councils, and inſpire her Generalls——
Thy uncooth ſelf that ſeems a Scourge to Nature
For ſo malitiouſly deforming thee,
Is by the Heav'nly Pow'rs ſtamp'd with a Soul
That like the Sun breaks through dark Miſts, when none
Beholds the Cloud, but Wonders at the Light.

Burl. O ſpare that Angells Voice till the laſt Day,
Such Heav'nly Praiſe is loſt on ſuch a Subject.

Not. Let none preſume to ſay while *Burleigh* Lives
A Woman wears the Crown; Fourth *Richard* rather,
Heir to the Third in Magnanimity,
In Perſon, Courage, Wit, and Bravery all,
But to his Vices none, nor to his End
I hope.

Burl. You Torture me with this Exceſs——
Were but my Fleſh Caſt in a purer Mould,
Then you might ſee me Bluſh, but my hot Blood
Burn't with continual thought, does inward Glow;
Thought like the Sun ſtill goes its daily Round,
And Scorches, as in *India* to the Root.——
But to the Wretched Cauſe of your diſturbance;
Say, ſhall I gueſs? Is *Eſſex* not the Man?

Not. O! Name not *Eſſex*, Hell, and Tortures rather,
Poyſons, and Vultures to the Breaſt of Man

Are

Are not so Cruel as the Name of *Essex*——
Speak good my Lord; nay, never speak nor think
Again, unless you can asswage this worse
Than Fury in my Breast.
Burl. Tell me the Cause;
Then Cease your Rage, and Study to Revenge.
Not. My Rage! It is the Wing by which I'le Fly
To be Reveng'd—I'l nere be Patient more.
Lift me my Rage, nay, Mount me to the Stars,
Where I may Hunt this *Peacock* tho he lies
Close in the Lap of *Juno--Elizabeth*,
Tho' the Queen Circles him with Charms of Pow'r,
And hides her Minion like another *Circe*.
Burl. Still well instructed Rage, but pray disclose
The Reason of the Earls Misfortune.
Not. You are,
My Friend the Cabinet of all my Frailties;
From you, as from Just Heav'n, I hope for Absolution;
Yet pray, tho' Anger makes me Red, when I
Discourse the Reason of my Rage, be kind,
And say it is my Sexe's Modesty.
Know then,
This Base Imperious Man I Lov'd, Lov'd so,
Till Lingering with the Pain of Fierce desire,
And Shame that strove to Torture me alike,
At last I past the Limits of our Sex,
And (O Kind *Cecil* pitty and Forgive me)
Sent this opprobrious Man my Mind a Slave;
In a kind Letter Broke the silence of
My Love, which rather shou'd have Broke my Heart.
Burl. But pray, what Answer did you get from him?
Not. Such as has made an Earth-Quake in my Soul,
Shook ev'ry Vital in these tender Limbs,
And rais'd me to the Storm you found me in.
At first he Charm'd me with a Thousand Hopes,
Else 'twas my Love thought all his Actions so——
Just now from *Ireland* I receiv'd this Letter,
Which take and Read but now I think, you shall not——
I'll tear it in a thousand pieces first,
Tear it as I wou'd *Essex* with my Will,

To Bits, to Morſells Hack the mangl'd Slave,
Till every Attome of his Curſed Body [*Tears the Letter in a Rage.*
Sever'd, and Flew like Duſt before the Wind.
Now do I Bleſs the Chance, all elſe may blame
Me for; Revealing of my Fooliſh Paſſion——
Did I e're think theſe celebrated Charmes
Which I ſo often have been Bleſt, and Prais'd for
Shou'd once be deſtin'd to ſo mean a Price
As a Refuſal!——Are there Friends above
That Protect Innocence, and injur'd Love?
Hear me, and Curſe me, ſtraight with Wrinkl'd Age,
With Leoproſie, Deriſion, all your Plagues
On Earth, and Hell hereafter, if I'm not Reveng'd.
Burl. Els ſay ſhe is no Woman, or no Widow.—— [*Aſide.*
The Sacred Guardians of your ſlighted Beauties,
Have had more Pitty on their lovely Charge,
Then to behold you ſwallow'd in his Ruin.
The beſt, and worſt that Fortune cou'd propoſe,
To you in *Eſſex* Love, was to have brought,
A helpleſs, ſhort-liv'd Traytor to your Arms.
Not. Ha! Traytor ſay you! Speak that Word again—
Yet do not; 'tis enough if *Burleigh* ſays it:
His Wit has Power to Damn the Man that thinks it,
And t'extract Treaſon from infected Thought.
The Nations ſafety like a Ship he Steers,
When Tempeſts Blow, rais'd by deſigns of falſe,
And Ignorant States-men; by his Wit alone
They'r all Diſperſt, and by his Breath ſhe Sayls,
His Proſperous Councils all her gentle Gales.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, the Queen expects you ſtraight.
Burl. Madam,
Be Pleas'd to Attend her Majeſty ith' *Preſence*,
Where you ſhall hear ſuch Miſdemeanours offer'd,
Such Articles againſt the Earl of *Eſſex*,
As will both glad the Nation, and your ſelf.
Gent. My Lord, I ſee the haughty Earl of *Southampton*
Coming this way.

Burl.

Burl. Madam, retire.
Not. I goe
With greater expectation of delight
Than a young Bride-groom on his Marriage Night. [*Exit Countess of Notting.*

Burl. Southampton! he's the chief of *Essex* Faction,
His Friend, and Sworn Brother; and I fear
Too much a Friend, and Partner of his Revells
To be a Stranger to the others Guilt———
'Tis not yet time to lop this haughty Bough,
Till I have shaken first the Tree that bears it.

Enter Southampton.

South. My Lord, I hear unwelcome News; 'tis said
Some Factious Members of the House, Headed
By you, have voted an Address for leave
T'impeach the Earl of *Essex* of strange Articles,
Of Treason.
Burl. Treason, 'tis most true is laid
To *Essex* Charge, but that I am the Cause
They do me wrong, th' Occasion is too publick:
For those dread Storms in *Ireland* rais'd by him,
Have Blown so rudely on our *English* Coasts,
That they have Ship-wrack'd quite the Nations Peace,
And wak'd it's very Statues to abhorring.
South. Meer Argument, your nice, and fine distinctions
To make a good Man Vitious, or a bad
Man Virtuous, ev'n as please the Sophisters———
My Lord, you are ingendring Snakes within you,
I fear you have a subtle stinging Heart;
And give me leave to tell you, that this Treason,
If any, ha's been hatch'd in *Burleigh's* School.
I see Ambition in the fair Pretence,
Burleigh in all it's Cunning, dark Disguises,
And envious *Cecil* ev'ry where.
Burl. My Lord, my Lord, your Zeal to this bad Earl
Makes you offend the Queen, and all good men.
Believe it Sir, his Crimes have bin so noted,
So plain, and open to the State, and her,

That

That he can now no more deceive the Eyes
Of a moſt Gratious Miſtreſs, or her Council;
Nor can ſhe any longer, if ſhe wou'd,
In pitty of his other parts let Juſtice wink,
But rouze her ſelf from Cheated ſlumbering *Mercy*,
And ſtart at his moſt foul Ingratitude.
Nor, does it well become the brave *Southampton*
To Plead in his behalf; for fear it pulls
Upon himſelf, ſuſpition of his Crimes.

Sou. Hold in my Fire, and ſcorch not through my Ribs,
Quench, if thou canſt, the Burning Furious Pain——
I cannot if I wou'd, but muſt unload
Some of the Torture——Now by my Wrong'd ſelf,
And *Eſſex*, much more Wrong'd, I Swear 'tis falſe,
Falſe, as the Rules by which Vile Stateſ-men Govern,
Falſe as their Arts, by which the Traytors Riſe,
By Cheating Nations, and Deſtroying Kings,
And falſe Impoſing on the Common Crew.
Eſſex! By all the Hopes of my Immortal Soul,
There's not one drop of Blood, of that brave Man
But holds more Honour, Truth and Loyalty
Than thy whole Maſs beſides, and all thy Brains
Stufft with Cabals, and Projects for the Nation;
Than thou that ſeem'ſt a good St. *Chriſtopher*
Carrying thy Countries *Genious* on thy Back,
But, art indeed a Devil, and takeſt more Hire
Than half the Kingdom's Wealth can ſatisfie.
I ſay again, that thou, and all thy Race
With *Eſſex* baſe Accuſers, ev'ry one
Put in a Scale together, Weigh not half
The merit that's in one poor Hair of his.

Burl. Thank you, my Lord----ſee I can bear the ſcandal,
And cannot chuſe but ſmile, to ſee you Rage.

South. It is, becauſe thy Guilty Soul's a Coward,
And ha's not Spirit enough to Feign a Paſſion.

Burl. It is the Token of my Innocence.——
But let *Southampton* have a ſpecial Care
To keep his cloſe Deſigns from *Cecils* way,
Leaſt he diſturb the *Genious* of the Nation

As

As you were pleas'd to call me; and beware
The Fate of *Essex*. [*Exit* Burleigh.
South. Ha! The Fate of *Essex*!
Thou lyest Proud States-man, 'tis above thy reach;
As high above thy malice as is Heaven
Beyond a *Cecils* Hopes——Despair not *Essex*,
Nor his brave Friends, since a Just Queen's his Judge;
She that saw once such Wonders in thy Person,
A scarce fledg'd Youth, as Loading thee with Honours,
At once made thee Earl-marshall, Knight o'th' Garter,
Chief Councellor, and Admiral at Sea——
She comes, she comes bright Goddess of the Day,
And *Essex*'s Foes shee drives like Mists away.

Enter the Queen, Burleigh, *Lord Chancellor*, *Countess of* Nottingham, *Countess of* Rutland, *Lords and Attendants*, *Queen on a Chair of State*, *Guards*.

Queen. My Lords, we hear not any thing Confirms
The New designs were dreaded of the *Spanyards*:
Our Letters lately from our Agent there
Say nothing of such Fears, nor do I think
They dare.
Burl. To dare, most high Illustrious Princess,
Is such a Virtue *Spanyard* never knew,
His Courage is as Cold as he is Hot,
And Faith is as Adulterate as his Blood.
What truth can we expect from such a Race
Of Mungrells, Jews, Mahumetans, Gothes, Moors,
And Indians with a few of Old Castilians,
Shuffl'd in Natures mould together?
That *Spain* may truly now be call'd the Place
Where *Babell* first was Built. These men
With all false Tenets chopt and masht together,
Suck'd from the Scum of ev'ry base Religion,
Which they have since Transform'd to *Romish* Mass,
Are now become the Myters darling Sons,
And *Spain* is call'd the *Popes* most Catholick King.

Queens.

Queen. Spoke like true *Cecil* ſtill, old Proteſtant——
But, Oh! It Joyes me with the dear Remembrance
Of this Romantick huge Invaſion.
From the Popes Cloſſet where 'twas firſt Begot,
Bulls, Abſolutions, Pardons, frightful Banns
Flew o're the Continent, and Narrow Seas,
Some to Reward, and others to Torment,
Nay, worſe, the Inquiſition was let looſe
To Teach the very Atheiſts Purgatory.
Then were a Thouſand Holy Hands employ'd,
As Cardinals, Biſhops, Abbots, Monks, and Jeſuits,
Not a poor Mendicant, or Begging Fryer
But thought he ſhou'd be Damn'd to leave the Work;
South. Whole Sholes of Benedictions were diſperſt;
Nay, the good *Pope* himſelf ſo weary'd was
With giving Bleſſings to theſe holy Warriours,
That Flew to him, from ev'ry Part as thick
As Hornets to their Neſt, It gave his Arms
The Gout.
Burl. O Faithleſs, incouragious Hands!
They ſhou'd have both been Burnt for Heretieks.
Queen. But when this huge, and mighty Fleet was ready,
Altars were ſtrip'd of ſhining Ornaments.
Their Images, their Pictures, Palls, and Hangings
By Nuns, and Perſians, wrought,
All went to help their great Armado forth;
Relicks of all degrees of Saints
Were there Diſtributed, and not a Ship
Was Bleſt without one; ev'ry Sail amongſt 'em
Boaſted to carry, as a certain Pledge
Of Victory, ſome of the real Croſs.
South. Long live that Day, and never be forgotten
The gallant How'r, when to th' immortal Fame
Of *England*, and the more immortal *Drake*,
That Proud Armado was Deſtroy'd; yet was
The Fight not half ſo dreadful as th' Event
Was pleaſant. When the firſt Broad ſids were giv'n,
A tall brave Ship, the talleſt of the Reſt,
That ſeem'd the Pride of all their big Half-moon,
Whether by Chance, or by a luckey Shot

From

From us, I know not, but ſhe was Blown up,
Burſting like Thunder, and almoſt as high,
And then did Shiver in a Thouſand Pieces,
Whilſt from her Belly Crouds of Living Creatures
Broak like untimely Births, and fill'd the Skye:
Then might be ſeen a *Spanyard* catch his Fellow,
And Wreſtling in the Air fall down together;
A Prieſt for ſafety Riding on a Croſs,
Another that had none, croſſing himſelf;
Fryers with long big ſleeves like Magpyes Wings
That bore them up, came gently Sailing down:
One with a Don that held him by the Arms,
And Cry'd, Confeſs me ſtraight; but as he juſt
Had ſpoke the Words, they Tumbled down together.
Burl. Juſt Heav'n that never ceas'd to have a Care
Of your moſt Gracious Majeſty, and Kingdoms,
By Valliant Souldiers, and by faithful Leaders,
Confounded in one day the vaſt deſigns
Of *Italy*, and *Spain* againſt our Liberties;
So may *Tyrone*, and *Iriſh* Rebells fall,
And ſo may all your Captains henceforth prove
To be as Loyal, and as ſtout Commanders.
Queen. Is there no freſher News from *Ireland* yet?
Burl. None better than the laſt, that ſeems too ill
To be repeated in your Gracious hearing.
Queen. Why, what was that?
South. Now, now the Subtil Fiend
Begins to Conjure up a Storm. [*Aſide.*
Burl. How ſoon your Gracious Majeſty forgets
Crimes done by any of your Subjects!
Queen. What?
That *Eſſex* did defer his Journey to
The North, and therefore loſt the Seaſon quite;
Was not that all?
Burl. And that he met *Tyrone*
At his Requeſt, and treated with him Private.
A Ford dividing them, they both Rode in,
Wading their Horſes knee deep on each ſide;
But that the Diſtance from each other was
So great, and they were forc'd to parley loud,

Orders were given to keep the Souldiers off;
Nay, not an Officer in all the Army
But was deny'd to hear what paſſ'd between them ——
What follow'd then the Parly? was the Truce,
So ſhameful, (if I may be bold to call
It ſo,) both to your Majeſty and *England*?

Queen. Enough, enough good *Cecil*, you begin
To be Inveterate; 'twas his firſt Fault;
And tho that Crimes done to the Nation's hurt
Admit of no excuſe or mittigation
From th' Author's many Virtues or Misfortunes,
Yet you muſt all confeſs that he is brave,
Valliant as any, and 'as done as much
For you, as e're *Alcides* did for *Greece*.
Yet I'le not hide his Faults, but Blame him too,
And therefore I have ſent him Chiding Letters,
Forbidding him to leave the Kingdom till
He has diſpatcht the War, and kill'd *Tyrone*.

Enter Sir Walter Rawleigh, *Attended by ſome other Members of the Houſe.*

Burl. Moſt Royal Madam, here's the gallant *Rawleigh*,
With others in Commiſſion from the Houſe,
Who 'ttend your Majeſty with ſome few Bills
And humbleſt of Addreſſes, that you wou'd
Be pleas'd to paſs 'em for the Nations ſafety.

Queen. Welcome my People, welcome to your Queen,
Who wiſhes ſtill no longer to be ſo
Than ſhe can Govern well, and ſerve you all;
Welcom again, dear People; for I'me Proud
To call you ſo, and let it not be Boaſting
In me, to ſay, I Love you with a greater Love
Than ever Kings before ſhowr'd down on Subjects,
And that I think ne're did a People more
Deſerve, than you. Be quick,
And tell me your Demands; I long to hear:
For know, I count your wants are all my own.

Raw. Long live the bright Imperial Majeſty
Of *England*, Virgin Star of Chriſtendome,

Bleſſing,

Bleſſing, and Guide of all your Subjects Lives,
Who wiſh the Sun may ſooner be extinguiſh'd
From the bright Orb he Rules in, than their Queen
Shou'd e're deſcend the Throne ſhe now makes happy.
Your Parliament, moſt Bleſt of Soveraigns,
Calling to mind the Providence of Heaven
In Guarding ſtill your People under you,
And ſparing your moſt precious Life,
Do humbly offer to your Royal pleaſure
Three Bills to be made living Acts hereafter,
All for the ſafety of your Crown and Life,
More pretious than ten thouſand of your Slaves.

Quee. Let *Cecil* take, and read what they contain.

Burl. *An Act for ſetling, and eſtabliſhing* [*Cecil* takes the Papers
A ſtrong Militia out of ev'ry County, and reads the Contents.
And likewiſe for levying a new Army
Conſiſting of ſix thouſand Foot at leaſt,
And Horſe three thouſand, quickly to be ready,
As a ſtrong Guard for the Queens Sacred Perſon,
And to prevent what clandeſtine deſigns
The Spaniards, *or the* Scots *may have.*

Quee. Thanks to
My Dear, and loving People, I will paſs it.

Burl. This ſecond Act is for the ſpeedy raiſing
Two Hundred Thouſand Pounds to pay the Army,
And to be ordered as the Queen ſhall pleaſe;
This to be gather'd by a Benevolence,
And Subſidy, in ſix months time from hence.

Quee. What mean my giving Subjects! It ſhall paſs.

Burl. The third has ſeveral Articles at large,
With an Addreſs Subſcrib'd, moſt humbly offer'd
For the Impeaching *Robert* Earl of *Eſſex*
Of ſeveral Miſdemeaners of High Treaſon.

Quee. Ha!
This unthought Blaſt has ſhockt me like an Ague—
It has alarum'd every Sence, and ſpoyl'd me } *Aſide.*
Of all the awful courage of a Queen;
But I'le recover——Say, my *Nottinham,*
And *Rutland,* did you ever hear the like!
But are you well aſſur'd I am awake?

Bleſs me, and ſay it is a Horry'd Viſion,
That I am not upon the Throne———
Ha! Is't not ſo?—Yes, Traytors, I'le obey you——
[*She riſes in a Rage.*

Here, ſit you in my Place; take *Burleigh*'s Staff,
The Chancellor's Seal, and *Eſſex* valiant Head,
And leave me none but ſuch as are your ſelves,
Knaves for my Counſell, Fools for Megiſtrates,
And Cowards for Commanders——Oh my Heart!
South. O horry'd impoſition on a Throne!
Eſſex; that has ſo bravely ſerv'd the Nation!
That I may boldly ſay, *Drake* did not more,
That has ſo often beat it's Foes on Land,
Stood like a Promontary in its defence,
And ſail'd with Dragons Wings to Guard the Seas;
Eſſex! That took as many Towns in *Spain*
As all this Iſland holds, begger'd their Fleet
That came with Loads of half their Mines in *India*;
And took a mighty Carrack of ſuch Value,
That held more Gold in its Prodigious Deck
Than ſerv'd the Nation's Riot in a Year.
Quee. Ingrateful People! Take away my Life;
'Tis that you'd have: for I have Reign'd too long———
You too well know that I'm a Woman, elſe
You durſt not uſe me thus——Had you but fear'd
Your Queen as you did once my Royal Father,
Or had I but the Spirit of that Monarch,
With one ſhort Syllible I ſhou'd have ram'd
Your Impudent Petitions down your Throats,
And made four hundred of your Factious Crew
Tremble, and grovle on the Earth for fear.
Raw. Thus proſtrate at your Feet we beg for Pardon,
And humbly Crave your Majeſties Forgiveneſs. [*Petitioners kneel.*
Quee. No more——Attend me in the Houſe to morrow.
Burl. Moſt Mighty Queen! Bleſt and Ador'd by all,
Torment not ſo your Royal Breaſt with Paſſion:
Not all of us, our Lives, Eſtates, and Country
Are worth the leaſt diſturbance of your mind.
Quee. Are you become a Pleader for ſuch Traytors!

Ha!

Ha ! I ſuſpect that *Cecil* too is envious,
And *Eſſex* is too great for thee to grow,——
A Shrub that never ſhall be look'd upon,
Whilſt *Eſſex*, that's a Cedar ſtands ſo nigh——
Tell me, why was not I acquainted with
This cloſe Deſign : For I am ſure thou know'ſt it.
Burl. Madam——
Quee. Be dumb; I will hear no Excuſes.——
I could turn Cynnick, and outrage the Wind,
Fly from all Courts, from Buſineſs, and Mankind,
Leave all like *Chaos* in Confuſion hurl'd:
For 'tis not Reaſon now that Rules the World:
There's Order in all States but Man below,
And all things elſe do to Superiors bow;
Trees, Plants, and Fruits, rejoyce beneath the Sun,
Rivers, and Seas are guided by the Moon;
The Lyon Rules through Shades and ev'ry Green,
And Fiſhes own the Dolphin for their Queen;
But Man the veryer Monſter, Worſhips ſtill
No God but Luſt, no Monarch but his Will.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Countess of Essex.

C. *Ess.* IS this the Joy of a New Marry'd Life?
This all the taste of Pleasures that are Feign'd
To flow from sweet and Everlasting Springs?
By what false Opticks do we view those sights,
And by our ravenous Wishes seem to draw
Delights so far beyond a Mortals reach,
And bring 'em home to our deluded Breasts?
'Tis not yet long since that Blest Day was past,
A Day I wisht that shou'd for ever last;
The Night once gone, I did the Morning Chide,
Whose Beams betray'd me by my *Essex* side,
And whilst my Blushes, and my Eyes he blest,
I strove to hide 'em in his panting Breast,
And my hot Cheeks close to his Bosom laid,
Listning to what the Guest within it said,
Where Fire to Fire the Noble Heart did burn
Close like a Phœnix in her spicey Urn:
I sigh'd, and wept for Joy, a showre of Tears,
And felt a thousand sweet, and pleasant fears,
Too rare for Sense, too exquisite to say;
Pain we can count, but Pleasure steals away:
But Business now, and envyous Glory's Charms
Have snatcht him from these ever Faithful Arms,
Ambition, that's the highest way to Woe,
Cruell Ambition, Love's Eternal Foe.

Enter Southampton.

South. Thou dearest Partner of my dearest Friend,
The brightest Plannet of thy shining Sex,
Forgive me for the unwelcome News I bring,——
Essex is come, the most deplor'd of Men!

C. *Ess.* Now by the sacred Joy that fills my Heart,

What

What fatal meaning can there be in that?
Is my Lord come? ſay, ſpeak.
South. Too ſure he's come———
But oh that Seas, as wide as Waters flow,
Or burning Lakes as broad, and deep as Hell,
Had rather parted you for ever,
So *Eſſex* had been ſafe on th'other ſide.
C. *Eſſ.* My Lord, you much amaze me———
Pray what of ill has happen'd ſince this Morning,
That the Queen Guarded him with ſo much mercy,
And then refus'd to hear his falſe Impeachers?
South. Too ſoon alaſs h'as forfeited his Honours,
Places, and Wealth, but more his precious Life,
Condemn'd by the too cruel Nation's Laws
For leaving his Commiſſion, and returning,
When the Queens abſolute Commands forbid him.
C. *Eſſ.* Fond hopes! muſt then our meeting prove ſo fatal!
South. Say Madam, now what help will you propoſe,
Can the Queens pitty any more protect him?
Never, it is no longer in her Power,
She muſt, tho 'gainſt her Will deliver him
A Sacrifice to all his greedy Foes.
C. *Eſſ.* Where is my Lord?
South. *Blunt* left him on the Way,
And came diſguis'd in haſte to give me notice.
C. *Eſſ.* Let him go back, and give my *Eſſex* warning,
Conjuring him from us to ſtir no further,
But ſtraight return to *Ireland* e're 'tis known
He left the place.
South. Alas it is no ſecret;
Beſides, he left the Town almoſt as ſoon
As *Blunt*, and is expected every moment.
C. *Eſſ.* How cou'd it be reveal'd ſo ſuddenly?
South. I know not that, unleſs from Hell it came,
Where *Cecil* too is Privy Counſellor,
And knows as much as any Devil there.
I met the cunning Fiend and *Rawleigh* whiſpering;
And the fair treacherous *Nottingham*,
I ſaw bedeck'd with an ill-natur'd ſmile,
That ſhew'd Malicious Beauty to the height.

C. *Eſſ.*

C. *Eſſ.* Hold, hold, my Lord, my Fears begin to wrack me,
And Danger now in all it's horryd Shapes,
Stalks in my way, and mmakes my Blood run cold,
Worſe than a thouſand Glaring Spirits cou'd do.
Aſſiſt me ſtraight thou *Damon* to my *Eſſex*,
Help me thou more than Friend in miſery———
I'le to the Queen, and ſtraight declare our Marriage;
She will have mercy on my helpleſs State,
Pitty theſe Tears, and all my humble Poſtures;
If not for me, nor for my *Eſſex* ſake,
Yet for the Illuſtrious Offspring that I bear;
I'll Go, I'll Run, I'll Hazard all this Moment. [*Offers to be gone.*

South. Led by vain Hopes, you fly to your Deſtruction;
There wants but that dread Secret to be known,
To tumble you for ever to Deſpair,
And leave you both Condemn'd without the Hopes
Of the Queens Pitty, or Remorſe hereafter.

C. *Eſſ.* Curſt be the Stars that flatter'd at our Births,
That ſhone ſo bright, with ſuch unuſual Luſter,
As Cheated the whole World into belief
Our Lives alone were all their chiefeſt Care.

South. Be Comforted, rely on *Eſſex* Fate,
And the Queens Mercy———
Behold ſhe comes, our good or evil Fate,
In diſcontented Characters wrote on
Her Brow.

Enter the Queen, Burleigh, *Counteſs of* Nottirgham, Rawleigh, *Attendant Guards.*

Queen. Is *Eſſex* then Arriv'd?

Burl. He is.

Queen. Then he has loſt me all the flattering hopes [*Aſide.*
I ever had to ſave him——Come ſay you!
Who elſe came with him?

Burl. Some few Attendants.

Queen. Durſt the moſt vile of Traytors ſerve me thus ——
Double my Strength about me, draw out Men,
And ſet a Guard before the Palace Gates,
And bid my valliant Friends the Citizens
Be ready ſtraight———I ſhall be murder'd elſe,

And

And faithful *Cecil*, if thou loveſt thy Queen,
See all this done: For how can I be ſafe
If *Eſſex* that I Favour'd ſeeks my Life.
Burl. Wil't pleaſe your Majeſty to ſee the Earl?
Queen. No.
Burl. Shall I publiſh ſtraight your Royal Order,
That may forbid his coming to the Court,
Until your Majeſty Command him?
Queen. Neither——
How durſt you ſeem t'interpret what's my Pleaſure!
No, I will ſee him if 'a comes, and then
Leave me to act without your ſaucy Aid,
If I have any Royal Power.
C. *Eſſ.* Bleſt be the Queen, bleſt be the pittying God
That has inſpir'd her. [*Aſide.*
South. Moſt admir'd of Queens,
Thus low unto the ground I bend my body,
And wiſh I cou'd ſink lower through the Earth,
To ſuit a Poſture to my humble Heart.
I tremble to excuſe my gallant Friend
In contradiction to your Heavenly will,
Who like a God knows all, and 'tis enough
You think him innocent, and he is ſo;
But yet your Majeſty's moſt Royal Soul,
That ſoars ſo high above the humble malice
Of baſe and ſordid Wretches under you,
Perhaps is ignorant the valiant Earl
Has Foes, Foes that are only ſo, becauſe
Your Majeſty has crown'd him with your Favours,
And lifted him ſo far above their ſights,
That 'tis a pain to all their envious eyes
To look ſo high above him; and of theſe
Some grow too neer your Royal Perſon,
As the ill Angels did at firſt in Heaven,
And daily ſeek to hurt this brave Mans Virtue.
Queen. Help me thou infinite Ruler of all things,
That ſees at once far as the Sun diſplays,
And ſearches every Soul of humane kind,
Quick, and unfelt, as Light infuſes Beams,
Unites, and makes all Contradictions centre,

And to the ſence of Man, which is more ſtrange,
Governs innumerable diſtant Parts
By one intire ſame Providence at once.
Teach me ſo far thy holy Art of Rule,
As in a mortal reaſon may diſtinguiſh
Betwixt bold Subjects, and a Monarchs Right,

Burl. May't pleaſe your Majeſty, the Earl is come
And waits your Pleaſure.

Queen Let him be admitted ——
Now now ſupport thy Royalty,
And hold thy Greatneſs firm; but oh, how heavy
A Load is State where the Free Mind's diſturb'd!
How happy a Maid is ſhe that always lives
Far from high Honour, in a low Content,
Where neither Hills, nor dreadful Mountains grow,
But in a Vale where Springs and Pleaſures flow;
Where Sheep lye round inſtead of Subjects Throngs,
The Trees for Muſick, Birds inſtead of Songs;
Inſtead of *Eſſex* one poor faithful Hind,
He as a Servant, She a Miſtreſs kind,
Who with Garlands for her Coming crowns her Dore,
And all with Ruſhes ſtrews her little floore,
Where at their mean Repaſt no Fears attend
Of a falſe Enemy, or falſer Friend;
No care of Cepters, nor ambitious Frights
Diſturb the quiet of their ſleep at Nights.——
He comes; this proud Invader of my Reſt,
A comes; but I intend ſo to receive him———

Enter the Earl of Eſſex with Attendanrs.

Eſſex *kneels. The Queen turns to the Counteſs of* Nottingham.

Eſſex. Long live the mightieſt, moſt ador'd of Queens,
The brighteſt Power on Earth that Heav'n e're form'd;
Aw'd and amaz'd the trembling *Eſſex* kneels,
Eſſex that ſtood the dreadful voice of Cannons,
Hid in a darker Field of Smoak and Fire,
Than that where Cyclops blow the Forge, and ſweat
Beneath the mighty Hill, whilſt Bullets round me

Flew

Flew like the Bolts of Heav'n when ſhot with Thunder,
And loſt their Fury on my Shield and Corſlet;
And ſtood theſe Dangers unconcern'd, and dauntleſs;
But you the moſt Majeſtick, brighteſt Form
That ever rul'd on Earth, have caught my Soul,
Surpriſ'd its Virtues all with dread and wonder;
My humble Eyes durſt ſcarcely look up to you,
Your dazling Miene, and Sight ſo fill the Place,
And every Part Celeſtial Rays adorn.

Queen. Ha! [*Aſide.*

Eſſex. 'Tis ſaid I have been guilty——
I dare not riſe, but crawl thus on the earth,
'Till I have leave to kiſs your Sacred Robe,
And clear before the juſteſt, beſt of Queens,
My wrong'd and wounded Innocence.

Quee. What ſaid'ſt thou *Nottingham*? what ſaid the Earl? [*Aſide*

Eſſex. What not a Word! a Look! not one bleſt Look!
Turn, turn your cruel Brow, and kill me with
A Frown; it is a quick and ſurer way
To rid you of your *Eſſex*,
Than Baniſhment, than Fetters, Swords, or Axes——
What, not that neither! Then I plainly ſee
My Fate, the malice of Enemies
Triumphant in their joyful faces; *Burleigh*
With a glad Cowards ſmile, that knows 'has got
Advantage o're his valiant Foe, and *Rawleigh*'s proud
To ſee his dreaded *Eſſex* kneel ſo long,
Eſſex that ſtood in his great Miſtreſs Favour
Like a huge Oak, the loftieſt of the Wood,
Whilſt they no higher cou'd attain to be
Then humble Succors nouriſht by my Root,
And like the Ivy twin'd their flatt'ring Arms
About my Waſte, and liv'd but by my Smiles——

Quee. I muſt be gone: for if I ſtay I ſhall
Here wrack my Conduct, and my Fame for ever——
Thus the charm'd Pilot liſtning to the Syrens,
Lets his rich Veſſel ſplit upon a Rock, } *Aſide.*
And looſes both his Life and Wealth together.

Eſſex. Still am I ſhun'd as if I wore Deſtruction—— [*riſes.*
Here, here my faithful and my valiant Friends,

Dearest Companions of the Fate of *Essex*,
Behold this Bosom studdied o're with Scars,
This marble Breast, that has so often held,
Like a fierce Battlement against the Foes
Of *Englands* Queen, that made a hundred Breaches;
Here, pierce it straight, and through this Wild of wounds
Be sure to reach my Heart, this loyal Heart,
That sits consulting 'midst a thousand Spirits
All at command, all faithful to my Queen.

Queen. If I had ever Courage, Haughtiness,
Or Spirit, help me but now, and I am happy!
He melts; it flows, and drowns my heart with Pitty, } *Aside.*
If I stay longer I shall tell him so———
What is this Traytor in my sight!
All that have Loyalty, and love their Queen,
Forsake this horrid Wretch, and follow me.

Exeunt *Queen and her Attendants*, manet *Essex* solus.

Ess. She's gone, and darted fury as she went—
Cruellest of Queens!
Not heard! Not hear your Souldier speak one word!
Essex that once was all day list'ned to;
Essex, that like a Cherub held thy Throne,
Whilst thou didst dress me with thy wealthy Favours,
Cheer'd me with Smiles, and deck'd me round with Glories;
Nor was thy Crown scarce worship'd on thy head
Without me by thy Side; but now art deaf
As Adders, Winds, or the remorseless Seas,
Deaf as thy cunning Sexes Ears to those
That make unwelcome Love———What news my Friend?

Enter Southampton.

South. Such as I dare not tell; but pardon me,
As an ill Bird that pearches on the side
Of some tall Ship foretels a storm at hand,
I come to give you warning of the danger———
See *Cecil* with a Message from the Queen.

Ess. Then does my Wrack come rolling on a-pace;
That foul Leviathan nere yet appear'd
Without a horrid Tempest from his Nostrils.

Enter

Enter to them Burleigh *and* Rawleigh.

Burl. Hear *Robert* Earl of *Eſſex*,
Hear what the Queen, my Lord, by us pronounces;
She now diveſts you of your Offices,
Your dignities of Governour of *Ireland*,
Earl Martial, Maſter of her Horſe, General
Of all her Forces both by Land and Sea,
And Lord Lieutenant of the ſeveral Counties,
Of *Eſſex*, *Hereford*, and *Weſtmerland*.
Eſſ. A vaſt and goodly ſumm all at one Caſt
By an unlucky hand thrown quite away.
Burl. Alſo her Pleaſure is, that in obedience
To her Commands, you ſend your Staff by us,
Then leave the Court, and ſtirr no farther then
Your Houſe, till order from the Queen and Council.
Eſſ. Thanks my Misfortunes, for you fall with weight
Upon me, and Fate ſhoots her Arrows thick;
'Tis hard if they not find one mortal Place
About me———
Burl. My Lord, what ſhall we tell her Majeſty?
What is your Anſwer, for the Queen expects us?
Eſſ. Wilt thou then promiſe to be juſt, and tell her?
Give her a Caution of her worſt of Foes,
Thy greedy ſelf, the Lands infeſting Giant,
Exacting Heads from her beſt Subjects daily;
Worſe than the *Phrygian* Monſter, he was more
Cheaply compounded with, and but devour'd
Seav'n Virgins in a week, and ſpar'd the reſt.
South. Hold, my brave Friend, waſte not the noble breath
Of *Eſſex* on ſo baſe and mean a Subject———
Thou Traytor to thy Sovereign and her Kingdomes,
More full of guilt than e're thou didſt deviſe
To lay on *Eſſex*, whom thou fear'ſt and hateſt;
And thou, becauſe thy ſordid Soul, and Perſon
Ne're fitted thee
For gallant Actions, thinkeſt the World ſo too:
For he that looks through a foul Glaſs that's ſtain'd,
Sees all things ſtain'd like the foul Perſpective he uſes.

'Tis

'Tis Crime enough in any to be valiant,
To win a Battel or be fortunate,
Whilst thou standst by the Queen to intercept,
Or else determine Favours from her hands;
'Tis not who is too blame, or who deserves,
Nor whom the Queen wou'd look on with a Grace,
But whom proud *Cecil* pleases to reward,
Or punish, and the Valiant never scape thee;
Curst be the brave that fall into such hands;
For Cowards still are cruel and malitious.

Burl. This I dare tell, and that *Southampton* said it.

South. And put her too in mind of thy vain Glories,
Such Impudence and Ostentation in thee,
And so much horrid Pride and Costlineſs,
As wou'd undo a Monarch to supply.

Ess. So thrives the lazy Gown, and such as sleep
On Woolsacks, and on Seats of injur'd Justice,
Or learn to prate at Council-Tables; but
How miserable is Fortune to the Valiant!
Were but Commanders half so well rewarded
For all their Winters Camps, and Summers Fights,
Then they might eat, and the poor Soldiers Widdows,
And Children too might all be kept from starving.

Raw. My Lord in speaking thus you tax the Queen
Of Weakneſs and Injustice both, and that
She favours none but Worthleſs Persons.

Burl. Must we return this stubborn Answer to her?
You'l not obey her Majesty, nor here
Resign your Staff of Offices to us?

Ess. Tell her what e're thy malice can invent;
Yet, if thou sayst I'll not obey the Queen,
I tell thee Lord,
'Tis false, false as thy most inveterate Soul
That looks through the foul Prison of thy Body,
And curses all she sees at liberty———
I tell thee creeping thing, the Queen's too good,
More merciful than to condemn a Slave,
Much leſs her *Essex* without hearing him———
I will appeal to her———

Burl. You'l not believe us,

Nor

Nor that it was by her Command we came.
Eſſex. I do not.
Burl. Fare you well my Lords. [*Exeunt* Burleigh *and* Rawleigh.
Eſſ. Go thou.
My brave *Southampton*, follow to the Queen,
And quickly e're my cruel Foes are heard,
Tell her that thus her faithful *Eſſex* ſays,
This Star ſhe deck'd me with; and all theſe honours elſe,
In one bleſt hour, when ſcarce my tender years
Had reach'd the Age of Man, ſhe heap'd upon me,
As if the Sun that ſows the Seeds of Gemms
And golden Mines had ſhowr'd upon my head,
And dreſt me like the Bridegroom of her favour.
This thou beheldſt, and Nations wonder'd at,
The World had not a Favourite ſo great,
So lov'd as I.
South. And I am witneſs too
How many gracious Smiles ſhe bleſt 'em with,
And parted with a Look with every Favour,
Was doubly worth the Gift, whilſt the whole Court
Was ſo well pleas'd, and ſhew'd their wondrous joy
In ſhouting louder than the *Roman* Bands
When *Julius* and *Auguſtus* were made Conſuls.
Eſſ. Thou canſt remember too; for all ſhe ſaid was ſignal,
That at the happy time ſhe did inveſt
Her *Eſſex* with this Robe of ſhining Glories,
She bad me prize 'em as I wou'd my Life,
Defend 'em as I wou'd her Crown and Perſon:
Then a rich Sword ſhe put into my Hand,
And wiſh'd me *Cæſars* Fortune; ſo ſhe grac'd me.
South. So young *Alcides*, when he firſt wore Arms,
Did fly to kill the *Eremanthean* Boar,
And ſo *Achilles*, firſt by *Thetis* made
Immortal, haſted to the Siege of *Troy*.
Eſſ. Go thou *Southampton*; for thou art my Friend,
And ſuch a Friend's an Angel in diſtreſs;
Now the falſe Globe that flatter'd me is gone,
Thou art to me more Wealth, more Recompence
Than all the World was then — Intreat the Queen
To bleſs me with a Moments ſight,

And

And I will lay her Reliques humbly down,
As travelling Pilgrims do before the Shrines
Of Saints they went a thousand Leagues to visit,
And her bright Virgin Honours all untainted,
Her Sword not spoil'd with rust, but wet with blood,
All Nations blood that disobey'd my Queen;
This Staff that disciplin'd her Kingdoms once,
And triumph'd o're an hundred Victories;
And if she will be pleas'd to take it, say
My Life, the Life of once her Darling *Essex*.
South. I fly my Lord, and let your hopes repose
On the kind Zeal *Southampton* has to serve you. [*Ex. Southampton.*
Ess. Where art thou *Essex!* where are now thy Glories!
Thy Summers Garlands, and thy Winters Lawrels,
The early Songs that ev'ry morning wak'd thee;
Thy Halls, and Chambers throng'd with Multitudes,
More than the Temples of the *Persian* God
To worship thy uprising, and when I appear'd,
The blushing Empress of the East, *Aurora*,
Gladded the World not half so much as I:
Yesterday's Sun saw his great Rival thus,
The spiteful Plannet saw me thus ador'd,
And some tall-built Pyramid, whose Height
And golden Top confronts him in his sky,
He tumbles down with lightning in his rage;
So on a sudden has he snatcht my Garlands,
And with a Cloud impal'd my gawdy Head,
Struck me with Thunder, dasht me from the Heav'ns,
And oh! 'tis Dooms-day now, and darkness all with me.
Here I'll lie down——Earth will receive her Son.
Take Pattern all by me, you that hunt glory,
You that do climb the Rounds of high Ambition;
Yet when y'ave reach'd, and mounted to the Top,
Here you must come by just degrees at last,
If not fall Headlong down at once like me———
Here I'll abide close to my loving Center:
For here I'me sure that I can fall no further.———

Enter Earl of Rutland.

Ha! what makes thou here! Tell me fairest Creature?

Why

Why art thou ſo in love with Miſery,
To come to be infected with my Woe,
And diſobey the angry Queen for me?
C. *Eſſ.* Bleſs me my Angel, guard me from ſuch Sounds;
Is this the Language of a welcome Husband!
Are theſe fit words for *Eſſex* Bride to hear!
Bride I may truly call my ſelf, for Love
Had ſcarce beſtow'd the Bleſſing of one Night,
But ſnatch'd thee from theſe Arms.
Eſſ. My Soul, my Love!
Come to my Breaſt thou pureſt Excellence,
And throw thy lovely Arms about my Neck,
More ſoft, more ſweet, more loving than the Vine.
Oh! I'm o'recome with Joy, and ſink beneath [*They embrace.*
Thy Breaſt.
C. *Eſſ.* Take me along with thee my Dear——
My *Eſſex*, wake my Love, I ſay:
I am grown jealous of each Bliſs without thee;
There's not a Dream, an Extaſie or Joy,
But I will double in thy raviſh'd Senſes.
Come let's prepare, and mingle Souls together,
Thou ſhalt loſe nothing but a gainer be:
Mine is as full of Love as thine can be.
Eſſ. Where have I been! But yet I have thee ſtill——
Come ſit thee down upon this humble Floor,
It was the firſt kind Throne that Love e're had.
Thus like the firſt bright Couple let's embrace,
And fanſie all around is Paradice.
It muſt be ſo; for all is Paradice
Where thou remainſt, thou lovelier far than *Eve.*
C. *Eſſ.* And thou more brave, and nobler Perſon far,
Than the firſt Man, whom Heav'ns peculiar Care
Made for a Pattern for ingenious Nature,
Which ne'r till thee excell'd th' Original.
Eſſ. Thus when th' Almighty form'd the lovely Maid,
And ſent her to the Bower where *Adam* lay,
The firſt of Men awak'd, and ſtarting from
His moſſey flow'ry Bed whereon he ſlept,
Lifted his eyes, and ſaw the Virgin coming,
Saw the bright Maid that glitter'd like a Star,

Stars he had seen, but ne'r saw one so fair.
Thus they did meet, and thus they did embrace,
Thus in the Infancy of pure desire,
E're Lust, Displeasures, Jealousies, and Fears
Debauch'd the World, and plagu'd the Breast of Man;
Thus in the dawn of golden Time, when Love,
And only Love taught Lovers what to do.

C. *Ess.* O thou most dear, most priz'd of all Mankind;
I burn, I faint, I'm ravish'd with thy Love;
The Feavor is too hot,
It scorches, Flames like pure Æthærial Fire,
And 'tis not Flesh and Blood, but Spirits can bear it,
And those the brightest of Angelick Forms.

Ess. That is thy self, thy only self, thou fairest;
There's not in Heav'n so bright a Cherubin;
No Angel there but for thy Love wou'd dye;
The Thrones are all less happy there than I.

C. *Ess.* O my best Lord! the Queen, the Queen my Love!
Ah what have we committed to undo us!
The Pow'rs are angry, and have sent the Queen,
The jealous Queen of all our innocent Joys,
To drive us from our Paradice of Love;
And oh my Lord! she will not ere't be long
Allow us this poor Plat, this Ground to mourn on.

Ess. Weep not my Soul, my Love, my infinite All——
Ah what cou'd I express if there were words
To tell how much, how tenderly my Thoughts
Adore thee——Ah these tears are drops of Blood,
Thy *Essex* Blood, my World, my Heav'n, my Bride——
If there's the Start of all my Joyes beside,
Blest that I am that I can call thee Wife,
That loves so well, and is so well belov'd.

C. *Ess.* A hold my Lord, what shall I say of you,
That best deserves a Love so well you speak of.

Ess. Again thou weepst—By Heav'n there's not a Tear
But weighs more than the Wealth of *England*'s Crown.
O thou bright Storer of all Vertues, were there
But so much Goodness in thy Sex beside,
It were enough to save all Woman-kind,
And keep 'em from Damnation——Still thou weepst——

Come

Come let me kiſs thy Eyes, and catch thoſe Pearls,
Hold thy Cheeks cloſe to mine that none may fall,
And ſpare me ſome of theſe Celeſtial Drops.
Thus as two Turtles driven by a Storm,
Dropping and weary, ſhelter'd on a Bough,
Begin to joyn their Melancholly voices,
Then thus they Bill, and thus renew their Joyes,
With quivering Wings, and Cooing Noats repeat
Their Loves, and thus like us bemoan each other.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Queen expects you inſtantly.

C. *Eſſ.* Ah, what wou'd wiſh to be of humane kind!
Man in his Life ſcarce finds a Moments bliſs,
But counts a thouſand Pains for one ſhort Pleaſure,
And when that comes 'tis ſnatch'd away like ours.

Eſſ. Go my beſt hopes, obey the Cruel Queen——
I had forgot; thy Love, thy beauties charm'd me,
Dearer than *Albion* to the Saylors ſight
Whom many years bar'd from his Native Country;
Looking on thee, I gaz'd my Soul away,
And quite forgot the dangerous Wrecks below——
Farewell—— Nay then thou'lt ſoften me to Fondneſs——
The Queen may change, and we may meet again.

C. *Eſſ.* Farewell.

Eſſ. So have I ſeen a tall rich Ship of *India*
Of mighty Bulk teeming with golden Oar,
With proſperous Gales come ſayling nigh the ſhore;
Her Train of Pendants born up by the Wind;
The gladſome Seas proud of the lovely weight,
Now lift her up above the sky in height,
And then as ſoon th' officious Waves divide,
Hug the gay Thing, and claſp her like a Bride,
Whilſt Fiſhes play, and Dolphins gather round,
And *Trytons* with their Coral Trumpets ſound;
Till on a hidden Rock at laſt ſhe's born,
Swift as our Fate, and thus in Pieces torn.

Exeunt ſeverally.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius. Scœna prima.

Countess of Nottingham, Burleigh.

Nott. NOw famous *Cecil*, *England* owes to thee
More than *Rome*'s State did once to *Cicero* pay,
That crusht the vast Designs of *Cataline*.
But what did he? Quell'd but a petty Consul,
And sav'd a Common-wealth; but thou'ast done more,
Pull'd down a haughtier far than *Cataline*,
The Nations sole Dictator for Twelve years,
And sav'd a Queen and Kingdoms by thy Wisdom.
Burl. But what the *Roman* Senate then allow'd,
Nay, and proud *Cicero* himself to *Fulvia*;
Fulvia the lovely Saver of her Countrey,
Must all and more be now Ascrib'd to you,
To the sole Wit of beauteous *Nottingham*;
But I will cease and let the Nation praise thee,
And fix thy Statue high, as was *Minerva's*,
The great *Paladium* that protected *Ilium*———
I came t'attend the Queen, where is she gone?
Not. She went to her Closet, where, she's now alone.
As she past by, I saw her lovely Eyes
Clouded in Sorrow, and before she spy'd me,
Sad Murmurs Eccho'd from her troubled Breast,
And straight some Tears follow'd the mournful Sound,
Which when she did perceive me, she'd have hid,
And with a pitteous Sigh she strove to wipe
The drops away, but with her hast she left
Some sad remains upon her dewy Cheeks.
Burl. What should the Reason be?
Not. At *Essex* answer,
What said she then?
Burl. No doubt th' affront had stung her;
But kind *Southampton* faithful to his friend
In all things came, and with a cunning Tale,
Which she too willingly inclin'd to hear,

Turn'd her to mildneſs, and at his Requeſt,
Promis'd to ſee the Earl, and hear him ſpeak
To vindicate his Crimes, which bold *Southampton*
Declar'd to be his Enemies Aſperſions;
And now is *Eſſex* ſent for to the Court.
Nott. Then I am loſt, and my deſigns unravell'd.
If once ſhe ſee's him, all's undone again———
Burl. Behold the Cloſet opens— ſee the Queen——
'Tis dangerous to interrupt her---let's Retire.
Not. Be you not ſeen; I'le wait within her call.

Enter the Queen alone as from her Cloſet, *Exit* Burleigh.

Quee. Where am I now? Why wander I alone?
What drags my Body forth without a mind,
In all things like a Statue, but in motion?
There's ſomething I wou'd ſay, but know not what,
Nor yet to whom——O wretched State of Princes!
That never can enjoy, nor wiſh to have,
What is but meanly in its ſelf a Crime,
But 'tis a Plague, and Reigns through all the World.
Faults done by us are like licentious Laws,
Ador'd by all the Rabble, and are eaſier,
And ſooner far obey'd, than what are honeſt;
And Comets are leſs dreadful than our failings———
Where haſt thou bin?
I thought dear *Nottingham*, I'de been alone.
Nott. Pardon this bold Intruſion, but my Duty
Urges me farther— On my Knees I firſt
Beg Pardon that I am ſo bold to ask it;
Then, that you wou'd diſcloſe what 'tis afflicts you;
Something hangs heavy on your Royal Mind,
Or elſe I fear you are not well.
Quee. Riſe, pry'thee———
I am in Health, and thank thee for thy Love,
Only a little troubl'd at my People.
I have Reign'd long, and they'r grown weary of me;
New Crown's are like New Garlands, freſh, and lovely;
My Royal Sun declines towards it's Weſt,
They'r hot, and tyr'd beneath its Autumn Beams———

Tell

Tell me, what say's the World of *Essex* coming?
Nott. Much they do blame him for't, but think him brave.
Quee. What, when the Traytor serv'd me thus!
Nott. Indeed, it was not well.
Quee. Not well; and was that all?
Nott. It was a very bold, and heinous fault.
Quee. I was it not; and such a base Contempt
As he deserves to dye for? less than that
Has cost a hundred nearer Favourites Heads,
Since the first Saxon King that Reign'd in *England*,
And lately in my Royal Fathers time,
Was not brave *Buckingham* for less Condemn'd,
And lost not *Wolsey* all his Church Revenues,
Nay, and his Life too, but that he was a Coward,
And durst not live to feel the stroak of Justice.
Thou know'st it too, and this most vile of men,
That brave *Northumberland*, and *Westmerland*,
For lesser Crimes than his were both Beheaded.
Nott. Most true—Can *Essex* then be thought so guilty,
And not deserve to dy?
Quee. To dy! to Wrack,
And as his Treasons are the worst of all Mens,
So I will have him plagu'd above the rest,
His Limbs cut off, and plac'd to th' highest View,
Not on low Bridges, Gates, and Walls of Towns,
But on vast Pynacles that touch the Ske,
Where all that pass, may in Derision say,
Lo there is *Essex*, proud ingrateful *Essex*,
Essex that brav'd the Justice of his Queen———
Is not that well? Why dost not speak?
And help thy Queen to rail against this Man.
Nott. Since you will give me leave, I will be plain,
And tell your Majesty what all the World
Says of that proud ingrateful Man;
Qu. Do so. Prythee what says the World of him, and me?
Nott. Of you they speak no worse, than of dead Saints,
And Worship you no less than as their God,
Than Peace, than Wealth, or their Eternal hopes;
Yet do they often wish with kindest Tears.
Sprung from the purest Love, that you'd be pleas'd

To heal their Grievances on *Eſſex* charg'd,
And not protect the Traytor by your Power,
But give him up to Juſtice and to Shame
For a Revenge of all your wrongs, and theirs.
Quee. What, would they then preſcribe me Rules to Govern!
Nott. No more but with ſubmiſſion as to Heavn;
But upon *Eſſex* they unload Reproaches,
And give him this bad Character,
They ſay he is a Perſon (bateing his Treaſons)
That in his Nobleſt, beſt Array of parts,
He ſcarcely has enough to make him paſs
For a brave Man, nor yet a Hypocrite,
And that he wears his Greatneſs, and his Honours
Fooliſh, and Proud as Lacquies wear gay Liveries:
Valliant they will admit he is, but then
Like Beaſts precipitately Raſh, and Bruitiſh,
Which is no more Commendable in him
Than in a Bear, a Leopard, or a Wolfe.
He never yet had Courage over Fortune,
And which too ſhews his natural Pride the more,
He Roars, and ſtaggers under ſmall Affronts,
And can no more endure the pain than Hell;
Then he's as Covetous, and more Ambitious
Than that firſt Fiend that ſow'd the Vice in Heav'n;
And therefore was Dethron'd and Tumbl'd thence;
And ſo they wiſh that *Eſſex* too may fall.
Quee. Enough, th'aſt rail'd thy ſelf quite out of Breath;
I'le hear no more —— Bliſters upon her Tongue. [*Aſide.*
'Tis baſeneſs tho in thee but to repeat,
What the rude World malitiouſly has ſaid;
Nor dare the vileſt of the Rabble think,
Much leſs prophanely ſpeak ſuch horrid Treaſons ——
Yet 'tis not what they ſay, but what you'd have e'm.
Nott. Did not your Majeſty Command me ſpeak?
Quee. I did, but then I ſaw thee on a ſuddain,
Settle thy Senſes all in eager Poſtures,
Thy Lips, thy Speech, and Hands were all prepar'd;
A joyful Red painted thy envious Cheeks,
Malitious Flames flaſht in a moment from
Thy Eyes like Lightning from thy O'recharg'd Soul,

And

And fir'd thy Breaſt, which like a hard ramm'd Piece,
Diſcharg'd unmannerly upon my face.

Nott. Pardon bright Queen, moſt Royal and belov'd,
The manner of expreſſing of my Duty;
But you your ſelf began and taught me firſt.

Queen. I am his Queen, and therefore may have leave:
May not my ſelf have priviledge to mould
The Thing I made, and uſe it as I pleaſe?
Beſides he has committed monſtrous Crimes
Againſt my Perſon, and has urg'd me far
Beyond the power of Mortal ſuffering.
Me he has wrong'd, but thee he never wrong'd.
What has poor *Eſſex* done to thee? Thou haſt
No Crown that he cou'd hope to gain,
No Laws to break, no Subjects to moleſt,
Nor Throne that he cou'd be ambitious of——
What pleaſure cou'dſt thou take to ſee
A drowning man knock'd on the head, and yet
Not wiſh to ſave the miſerable Wretch!

Nott. I was too blame.

Qu. No more——
Thou ſeeſt thy Queen, the World, and Deſtiny
It ſelf againſt this one bad Man, and him
Thou canſt not pity nor excuſe.

Nott. Madam——

Queen. Begone, I do forgive thee; and bid *Rutland* [*Exit* Not-
Come to me ſtraight——ha! what have I diſclos'd? tingham.
Why have I chid my Woman for a fault
Which I wrung from her, and committed firſt?
Why ſtands my jealous and tormented Soul
A Spie to liſten, and divulge the Treaſons
Spoke againſt *Eſſex?*——O you mighty Powers!
Protectors of the Fame of *Englands* Queen,
Let me not know it for a thouſand Worlds,
'Tis dangerous——But yet it will diſcover,
And I feel ſomething whiſpering to my Reaſon,
That ſays it is——O blotted be the Name
For ever from my Thoughts. If it be ſo,
And I am ſtung with thy Almighty Dart,
I'll die, but I will tear thee from my Heart,

Shake

Shake off this hidious Vapour from my Soul,
This haughty Earl, the Prince of my Controul;
Banish this Traytor to his Queens repose,
And blast him with the malice of his Foes:
Were there no other way his guilt to prove,
'Tis Treason to infect the Throne with Love.

Enter Countess of Essex.

How now my *Rutland*? I did send for you——
I have observ'd you have been sad of late.
Why weares't thou black so long? and why that Cloud,
That mourning Cloud about thy lovely Eyes?
Come, I will find a noble Husband for thee.
C. *Ess.* Ah mighty Princess, most ador'd of Queens!
Your Royal Goodness ought to blush, when it
Descends to care for such a Wretch as I am.
Queen. Why sayst thou so, I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou shalt find by this 'tis truth——
Injurious *Nottingham*, and I had some
Dispute, and 'twas about my Lord of *Essex*——
C. *Ess.* Ha! [*Aside.*
Queen. So much that she displeas'd me strangely,
And I did send her from my sight in anger.
C. *Ess.* O that dear Name oth' sudden how it starts me!
Makes ev'ry Vein within me leave its Channel,
To run, and to protect my feeble Heart;
And now my Blood as soon retreats again
To croud with blushes full my guilty Cheeks——
Alas I fear. } *Aside.*
Queen. Thou blush'st at my Story!
C. *Ess.* Not I, my Gracious Mistress, but my Eyes
And Cheeks fir'd and amaz'd with joy, turn'd red
At such a Grace that you were pleas'd to shew me.
Queen. I'll tell thee then, and ask thee thy Advice.
There is no doubt, dear *Rutland*, but thou hear'st
The daily Clamours that my People vent
Against the most unhappy Earl of *Essex*,
The Treasons that they wou'd impeach him of,
And which is worse, this day he is arriv'd

Againſt my ſtrict Commands, and left Affairs
In *Ireland* deſp'rate, headleſs, and undone.
C. *Eſſ.* Might I preſume to tell my humble mind,
Such Clamours very often are deſign'd
More by the Peoples Hate than any Crimes
In thoſe they wou'd accuſe.
Queen. Thou ſpeak'ſt my ſence;
But oh dear *Rutland*, he has been to blame.——
Lend me thy Breaſt to lean upon—— O'tis
A heavy Yoke they wou'd impoſe on me
Their Queen, and I am weary of the Load,
And want a Friend like thee to lull my Sorrows.
C. *Eſſ.* Behold theſe tears ſprung from fierce Pain and Joy,
To ſee your wond'rous Grief, your wond'rous Pitty.
O that kind Heav'n wou'd but inſtruct my thoughts,
And teach my Tongue ſuch ſoft'ning, healing Words,
That it might charm your Soul, and cure your Breaſt
For ever.
Queen. Thou art my better Angel then,
And ſent to give me everlaſting quiet——
Say, is't not pitty that ſo brave a Man,
And one that once was reckon'd as a God,
That he ſhould be the Author of ſuch Treaſons!
That he, that was like *Cæſar*, and ſo great,
Has had the Power to make, and unmake Kings,
Shou'd ſtoop to gain a petty Throne from me.
C. *Eſſ.* I can't believe 'tis in his Soul to think,
Much leſs to act a Treaſon againſt you,
Your Majeſty, whom I have heard him ſo
Commend, that Angels words did never flow
With ſo much Eloquence, ſo rare, ſo ſweet,
That nothing but the Subject cou'd deſerve.
Queen. Haſt thou then heard him talk of me?
C. *Eſſ.* I have,
And as of ſo much Excellence as if
He meant to make a rare Encomium on
The World, the Stars, or what is brighter, Heaven.
She is, ſaid he, the Goddeſs of her Sex,
So far beyond all Woman-kind beſide,
That what in them is moſt ador'd, and lov'd,

Their Beauties, Parts, and other Ornaments,
Are but in her the Foyls to greater Luster,
And all perfections else, how rare soever,
Are in her Person but as lesser Gleams,
And infinite Beams that usher still the Sun,
But scarce are visible amidst her other Brightness.
And then she is so good it might be said,
That whilst she lives, a Goddess reigns in *England*:
For all her Laws are registerd in Heaven,
And copy'd thence by her —— But then he cry'd,
With a deep sigh fetch'd from his loyal Heart,
Well may the World bewail that time at last,
When so much Goodness shall on Earth be mortal,
And wretched *England* break it's stubborn Heart.

Queen. Did he say all this?

C. *Ess.* All this! nay more,
A thousand times as much. I never saw him
But his discourse was still in praise of you;
Nothing but Raptures fell from *Essex* Tongue:
And all was still the same, and all was you.

Queen. Such words spoak Loyalty enough.

C. *Ess.* Then does
Your Majesty believe that he can be
A Traytor?

Queen. No, yet he has broak the Laws,
And I for shame no longer can Protect him;
Nay, durst not see him?

C. *Ess.* What not see him say you!
By that bright Star of Mercy in your Soul,
And listening through your Eyes, let me intreat:
'Tis good, 'tis God-like, and like *Englands* Queen;
Like only her to pitty the Distress'd ——
Will you not grant that he shall see you once?

Queen. What he
That did defie my absolute Commands,
And brings himself audaciously before me!

C. *Ess.* Impute it not to that, but to his danger,
That hearing what proceedings here had past
Against his Credit and his Life, he comes
Loyal, tho unadvised, to clear himself.

Queen. Well, I will see him then, and see him straight——
Indeed my *Rutland*, I would fain believe
That he is honest still, as he is brave.
C. *Ess.* O nourish that most kind belief, 'tis sprung
From Justice in your Royal Soul——Honest!
By your bright Majesty, he's faithful still,
The pure and Virgin Light is less unteinted;
The glorious Body of the Sun breeds Gnats,
And Insects that molest its curious Beams;
The Moon has spots upon her Christal Face,
But in his Soul are none——And for his Valour,
The Christian World Records its wond'rous Story.
Baseness can never mingle with such Courage.
Remember what a Scourge he was to Rebels,
And made your Majesty ador'd in *Spain*
More than their King, that brib'd you with his *Indies*
And made himself so dreadful to their Fears,
His very Name put Armies to the Rout;
It was enough to say here's *Essex* come;
And Nurses still'd their Children with the Fright.
Queen. Ha! she's concern'd, Transported!
I'll try her further——Then he has a Person!
C. *Ess.* I in his Person, there you sum up all.
Ah Lovelyest *Queen*, did you e're see the like?
The Limbs of *Mars*, and awful Front of Jove,
With such a Harmony of Parts as put
To blush the Beauties of his Daughter *Venus*,
A Pattern for the Gods to make a perfect Man by;
And *Michael Angelo* to frame a Statue
To be ador'd through all the wond'ring World.
Queen. I can indure no more---Hold *Rutland*,
Thy Eyes are moist, thy Senses in a hurry,
Thy words come crouding one upon another.
Is it a real Passion, or extorted?
Is it for *Essex* sake or for thy Queens,
That makes this furious Transport in thy mind?
She loves him---Ah, 'tis so---What have I done?
Conjur'd another Storm to Rack my Rest?
Thus is my Mind with quiet never blest,

But like a loaded Bark finds no repoſe,
When 'tis becalm'd, nor when the Weather blows.

Enter Burleigh, *Counteſs of* Nottingham, Rawleigh, *Lords, Attendants and Guards.*

Burl. May't pleaſe your Majeſty the Earl of *Eſſex*
Return'd by your Command, intreats to kneel
Before you.
Queen. Now hold out my Treacherous heart,
Guard well the breach that this proud Man has made——— } *Aſide.*
Rutland, we muſt defer this Subject till
Some other time——Come hither *Nottingham.*

Enter the Earles of Eſſex *and* Southampton *Attended.*

Eſſ. Behold your *Eſſex* kneels to clear himſelf
Before his Queen, and now receive his Doom.
Queen. I muſt divert my Fears---I ſee he takes the way
To bend the ſturdy temper of my Heart——
Well my Lord, I ſee you can
Withſtand my Anger, as you lately boaſted
You did your Enemies——Were they ſuch Foes
As bravely did reſiſt, or elſe the ſame
You Parly'd with? It was a mighty Courage.
Eſſ. Well, well, you cruel Fates! well have you found
The way to ſhock the Baſis of a Temper,
That all your malice elſe cou'd ne're invent,
And you my Queen to break your Souldiers Heart.
Thunder and Earth-quakes, Prodigies on Land
I've born, Devouring Tempeſts on the Seas,
And all the horrid ſtroaks beſide
That Nature e're invented; yet to me
Your ſcorne is more——Here take this Traytor,
Since you will have me ſo; throw me to Dungeons,
Laſh me with Iron Rods faſt bound in Chains,
And like a Fiend in Darkneſs let me roar,
It is the nobler Juſtice of the Two.
Queen. I ſee you want no cunning skill to talk,
And daub with words a Guilt you wou'd evade——

But yet my Lord if you wou'd have us think
Your virtues wrong'd, wash off the stain you carry,
And clear your self of Parlying with the Rebels ——
Grant Heav'n he does but that, and I am happy. [*Aside.*
Ess. My Parlying with the Enemy?
Queen. Yes, your secret treating with *Tyrone* I mean,
And making Articles with *Englands* Rebels.
Ess. Is that alledg'd against me for a Fault,
Put in your Royal Breast by some that are
My false Accusers for a Crime? Just Heaven!
How easie 'tis to make a Great Man Fall,
'Tis Wise, 'tis Turkish Policy in Courts,
For Treating!
Am I not yet your General, and was
I not so there by virtue of this Staff?
I thought your Majesty had giv'n me Power,
And my Commission had been absolute
To Treat, to Fight, give Pardons, or Disband:
So much and vast was my Authority,
That you were pleas'd to say as Mirth to others,
I was the first of *English* Kings that Reign'd
In *Ireland.*
Queen. O how soon wou'd I believe,
How willingly approve of such Excuses, } *Aside.*
His Answers which to all the Croud are weak ——— }
That large Commission had in it no Power,
That gave you leave to Treat with Rebels,
Such as *Tyrone*, and wanted not Authority
To Fight 'em on the least Advantage.
Ess. The Reason why
I lead not forth the Army to the North,
And fought not with *Tyrone*, was, that my Men
Were half consum'd with Fluxes and Diseases,
And those that liv'd, so weaken'd and unfit,
That they cou'd scarce defend them from the Vultures
That took 'em for the Carrion of an Army.
Queen. Oh I can hold no longer, he'll not hide his Guilt.
I fear he will undo himself and me ——— } *Aside.*
Name that no more for shame of Thee the Cause,
Nor hide thy Guilt by broaching of a worse;

Fain

Fain I wou'd tell, but whisper it in thy Eare,
That none besides may hear, nay not my self:
How vitious thou hast been —— Say was not *Essex*
The Plague that first infected my poor Soldiers,
And kill'd 'em with Diseases? Was't not he
That Loyter'd all the year without one Action,
Whilest all the Rebels in the North grew bold,
And Rally'd dayly to thy Queens Dishonour;
Mean while thou stood'st and saw thy Army Rot
In Fenny and unwholsome Camps —— Thou hast
No doubt a Just Excuse for coming too,
In spite of all the Letters that I sent
With my Commands to hinder thee — Be silent ——
If thou makest more such Impudent Excuses,
Thoul't raise an Anger will be fatal to thee.

Ess. Not speak! Must I be Tortur'd on the Wrack,
And not be suffer'd to discharge a Groan!
Speak! Yes I will were there a thousand Deaths
Stood ready to devour me; 'tis too plain
My Life's Conspir'd, my Glories all betray'd:
That Vulture *Cecil* there with hungry Nostrils
Waits for my Blood, and *Rawleigh* for my Charge,
Like Birds of Prey that seek out Fighting Fields,
And know when Battail's near: nay, and my Queen
Has past her Vote, I fear, to my Destruction.

Queen. Oh I'me undone! How he destroyes my Pitty! } *Aside.*
Cou'd I bear this from any other Man!
He pulls and tears the Fury from my Heart
With greater grief and pain, than a fork'd Arrow
Is drawn from forth the Bosom where 'twas lodg'd.
Mild words are all in vain, and lost upon him ——
Proud and ingrateful Wretch, how durst thou say it!
Know Monster that thou hast no Friend but me,
And I have no pretence for it but one,
And that's in Contradiction to the World,
That Curses and abhors thee for thy *Crimes*.
Stir me no more with Anger for thy Life,
Take heed how thou dost shake my wrongs too much,
Least they fall thick and Heavy on thy Head.
Yet thou shalt see what a rash Fool thou art ——

Know then that I forgive thee from this Moment
All that is past, and this unequall'd Boldness,
Give thee that Life thou saidst I did Conspire against——
But for your Offices———
Ess. I throw 'em at your Feet. [*Layes his Generals Staff down.*
Now Banish him that Planted strength about you,
Cover'd this Island with my spreading Lawrels,
Whilest your safe Subjects slept beneath their shade.
Give 'em to Courtiers, Sycophants and Cowards
That sell the Land for Peace and Childrens Portions,
Whilest I retreat to *Africk* in some Desart,
Sleep in a Den and Heard with Valiant Brutes,
And serve the King of Beasts, there's more Reward,
More Justice there than in all Christian Courts:
The Lion spar'd the Man that freed him from
The Toyl, but *Englands* Queen abhors her *Essex*.
South. My Lord———
C. *Ess.* Ah what will be th'Event of this! [*Aside.*
Queen. Audacious Traytor.
Ess. Ha!
South. My Lord, My Lord, recall your Temper.
Ess. You said that I was bold, but now who blames
My Rage? Had I been ruff as Stormes and Tempests,
Rash as *Cethegus*, mad as *Ajax* was,
Yet this has ramm'd more Powder in my Breast,
And blown a Magazeen of Fury up———
A Traytor! Yes for serving you so well;
For making *England* like the *Roman* Empire
In Great *Augustus*'s Time, renoun'd in Peace
At home, and War abroad; Enriching you
With spoils both of the Wealthy Sea and Land,
More than your *Thames* does bring you in an Age,
And setting up your Fame to such a height
That it appears the Column of the World;
For tumbling down the proud Rebellious Earles,
Northumberland and *Westermland*, which caus'd
The cutting both their Heads off with an Axe
That sav'd the Crown on yours———This *Essex* did,
And I'll remove the Traytor from your sight.

Queen.

Queen. Stay Sir, take your Reward along with you — [*Offers to go*] *the Queen comes up to him and gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Eſſ. Ha! Furies, Death and Hell! a Blow!
Has *Eſſex* had a Blow!—Hold, ſtop my Arme [*Layes hand on his Sword.*
Some God—Who is't has giv'n it me? The Queen!
South. What do you mean my Lord!
Queen. Unhand the Villain———
Durſt the vile Slave attempt to Murder me!
Eſſ. No, Y'are my Queen, that Charmes me, but by all
The ſubtilty, and Woman in your Sex
I Swear, that had you been a Man you durſt not,
Nay, your bold Father *Harry* durſt not this
Have done———Why ſay I him? not all the *Harry's*,
Nor *Alexander's* ſelf were he alive,
Shou'd boaſt of ſuch a Deed on *Eſſex* done
Without Revenge.
Queen. Raile on, deſpair, and Curſe thy Fooliſh breath,
I'll leave thee like thy Hopes at th'hour of Death,
Like the Firſt Slayer wandering with a Mark,
Shuning the Light, and wiſhing for the Dark,
In Torments worſe than Hell, when thou ſhalt ſee
Thou haſt by this Curſt Chance loſt Heav'n and me.
Exeunt Queen, *&c. Manent* Eſſex *&* South.
South. What have you done my Lord! Your haughty Carriage
Has ruin'd both your ſelf and all your Friends———
Follow the Queen, and humbly on your Knees
Implore Her Mercy, and confeſs your Fault.
Eſſ. Ha! And tell her that I'll take a Blow!
Thou wou'dſt not wiſh thy Friend were ſuch a Slave——
By Heav'n my Cheek has ſet on Fire my Soul,
And the Diſgrace ſticks cloſer to my Heart,
Than did the Son of Old *Antipater's*,
Which coſt the Life of his proud Maſter——Stand off,
Beware you lay not hands upon my Ruine,
I have a Load would ſink a Legion that
Shou'd offer but to Save me.
South. My Lord let us retire,
And ſhun this Barbarous Place.
Eſſ. I, there thou ſay'ſt it———

Abhor all Courts if thou art brave and wiſe,
For then thou never ſhalt be ſure to riſe;
Think not by doing well a Fame to get,
But be a Villain, and thou ſhalt be Great.
Here Virtue ſtands by't ſelf, or not at all,
Fools have Foundations, only brave Men Fall,
But if ill Fate, and thy own Merits bring
Thee once to be a Favourite to a King,
It is a Curſe that follows Loyalty,
Curſt in thy Merits, more in thy Degree,
In all the ſport of Chance its chiefeſt Aim,
Mankind's the *Hunt*, a Favourite is the *Game*.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quartus. Scœna prima.

Counteſs of Nottingham, Rawleigh.

C. *Nott.* SIR, did you ever ſee ſo ſtrange a Scene
As *Eſſex* boldneſs? Nay, and which is more
To be admir'd, the Queens Prodigious Patience!
Raw. So Strange, that naught but ſuch a Miracle
Had Sav'd him from Death upon the Place.
C. *Nott.* She's of a Nature wondrous in her Sex,
Not haſty to admire the Beauties, Wiſdom,
Valour, and Parts in others though extream,
Becauſe there's ſo much Excellence in her ſelf,
And thinks that all Mankind ſhou'd be ſo too;
But when once entertain'd, none cheriſhes,
Exalts, or favours Virtue more than ſhe,
Slow to be mov'd, and in her Rage diſcreet——
But then the Earl's like an ungovern'd Steed,
That yet has all the Shapes and other Beauties
That are commendable, or ſaught in one:
His Soul with ſullen Beames ſhines in it ſelf,

More

More Jealous of Mens Eyes, than is the Sun
That will not ſuffer to be look'd into;
And there's a Mine of Sulpher in his Breaſt,
Which when 'tis touch'd or heated, ſtraight takes Fire,
And tears, and Blows up all his Virtues with it.

Raw. Ambitious Minds feed dayly upon Paſſion,
And ne're can be at Reſt within themſelves,
Becauſe they never meet with Slaves enough
To tread upon, Mechannicks do adore 'em,
And Lords and States-men to have Cringes from;
Like ſome of thoſe ſtrange Seas that I've been on,
Whoſe Tydes are alwayes Violent and Ruff,
Where Winds are ſeldom blowing to moleſt 'em.
Sh'had done a Nobler Juſtice, if inſtead of
That School-boyes Puniſhment a Blow,
Sh'had ſnatch'd a Holbard from her neareſt Guard,
And thruſt it to his Heart; for leſs than that
Did the bold *Macedonian* Monarch kill
Clytus his Friend, and braver Souldier far.

C. *Nott.* But worſe had been th'Event of ſuch a Deed,
For if th'afflicted King was hardly brought
From *Clytus* Body, ſhe'd have dy'd o're his.
But how proceed the bold Rebellious Lords
In *Eſſex* Houſe?

Raw. Still they increaſe in number.
The Queen has ſent Four of her Chiefeſt Lords,
And ſince I hear the Guards are gone. 'Tis ſaid,
For his Excuſe, that *Blunt* that Fiend of Hell,
And Brand of all his Maſter's wicked Councils,
Has ſpread abroad this moſt abhorr'd of Lyes,
That I and the Lord *Gray* ſhoud joyn to Murder him.

C. *Nott.* Already then he's hunted to the Toyle,
Where let him Roar, and laſh himſelf with Fury,
But never, never ſhall get out with ſtrugling.
Oh it o'rejoy'd th'Affront within my Soul,
To ſee the Man by all the World ador'd,
That like a Comet ſhin'd above, and rul'd below,
To ſee him on a ſudden from our Eyes
Drop like a Star, and Vaniſh in the Ground;

To see him how he bit the curst Torture
That durst no further venture than his Lips,
When he past by the Guards to hear no Noyes,
No Room for Mighty *Essex* was Proclaim'd;
No Caps, no Knees, nor Welcomes to salute him,
Then how he Chaft, and started like a Deer
With the fierce Dart fast sticking in his side,
And finds his speedy death where e're he runs!

Raw. Behold the Queen and the whole Court appear.

Enter the Queen, Burleigh, Countess of *Nottingham*, *Lords*, *Attendants and Guards.*

Queen. Are the Rebellious Earles then apprehended?

Burl. They are, thanks to the Almighty Powers,
And the Eternal Fortune of your Majesty.

Queen. And how did you proceed with my Commands?
And how did the Rebels act?

Burl. Most Audatiously:
The Four Lords, chiefest of your Private Council,
Sent thither by your Majesties Commission,
Came to the Rebel's House, but found the Gates
Guarded, and shut against them; yet at last
Telling they brought a Message from the Queen,
They were admitted, all besides, but him
That bore the Seal before the Chancellor
Deny'd: Entring they saw the outward Court
Fill'd with a number of promiscuous Persons,
The chief of which bold Traytors in the midst
Stood the Two Earles, of *Essex* and *Southampton*,
Of whom your Faithful Messengers with loud
And Loyal Voices did demand the Cause
Of their unjust Assembly, telling them
All real Grievances shou'd be redress'd;
But straight their words were choak'd by louder Cryes,
And by the Earles Command with Insolence
The People drove 'em to a strong Apartment
Belonging to the House, setting a Guard
Of Muskets at the Door, and threatning them
That they shou'd there be kept close Prisoners

Till

Till the next Morning that the Earl return'd
From Viſiting his Friends the Citizens.
Queen. O horrid Inſolence! Attempt my Council!
My neareſt Friends! Well *Eſſex* well,
I thank thee for the Cure of my Diſeaſe;
Thou goeſt the readieſt way to give me Eaſe —— *Aſide.*
The City ſay'ſt! What did he in the City?
Burl. There, as I learn't from many that confeſt,
He was inform'd the Citizens would riſe,
Which to promote, he went diſguis'd like one
Whom evil Fortune had bereav'd of Sence,
And almoſt ſeem'd as pittiful a Wretch
As *Harpagus*, that fled all o're diſmember'd
To fond *Aſtyages*, to gain the Truſt
Of all his *Median* Army to betray it.
His Head was bare, the Heat and Duſt had made
His Manly Face compaſſionate to behold, which he
So well did uſe, that ſometimes with a voice
That uſher'd Tears both from himſelf and them,
And ſometimes with a popular Rage he ran
With Fury through the Streets. To thoſe that ſtood
Far off he bended and made taking Signes:
To thoſe about him rais'd his voice aloud,
And humbly did beſeech 'em for a Guard,
Told 'em he was attempted to be murder'd
By ſome the Chief of th'Court, then counted all his wounds,
Unſtrip'd his Veſt, and ſhew'd his naked Scars,
Telling them what great Wonders he had done,
And wou'd do more to ſerve 'em and their Children;
Begging ſtill louder to the ſtinking Rabble,
And ſweated too ſo many eager drops, as if
He had been pleading for *Rome*'s Conſulſhip.
Queen. How came he taken?
Burl. After he had us'd
Such ſubtile means to gain your Subjects Hearts,
(Your Citizens that ever were moſt Faithful,
And too well grounded in their Loyalties
To be ſeduc'd from ſuch a Queen;) and finding
That none began to Arme in his behalf;
Fear and Confuſion of his horrid Guilt

Poſſeſt

Poſſeſt him, and deſpairing of ſucceſs,
Attempted ſtraight to walk through *Lud-gate* Home,
But being reſiſted by ſome Companies
Of the Trayn'd Bands that ſtood there in Defence,
He ſoon retreated to the neareſt Staires,
And ſo came back by Water at the Time
When your moſt Valiant Souldiers with their Leader
Enter'd his Houſe, and took *Southampton* and the Reſt.
Th'affrighted Earl Defenceleſs both in mind
And body, without the Power to help himſelf;
And being full of Horrour in his Thoughts,
Was forc'd to run for ſhelter in the Room
Of a ſmall Summer Houſe upon the *Thames*,
Which when the Souldiers came to ſearch, and found him;
Who then had Eyes, and did not melt for Pitty!
To ſee the High, the Gallant *Eſſex* there
Trembling and Panting like the frighted Quarry
Whom the fierce Hawk had in his eager Eye.

Queen. Ha! By my Stars I think the mournful Tale
Has almoſt made thee weep———Can *Eſſex* miſeries
Then force Compaſſion from thy Flinty Breaſt!
'A weeps, the Crocodile weeps o're his Prey!
How wretched and how low then art thou faln,
That ev'n thy Barbarous Hunters can neglect
Their Rage, and turn their cruel ſport to pitty!
What then muſt be my Lot? how many ſighs,
How many Griefs, Repentances and Horrours
Muſt I Eternally indure for this!
Where is the Earl?

Burl. Under ſufficient Guard
In order to his ſending to the Tower.

Queen. Ha, In the Tower! How durſt they ſend him there
Without my Order?

Burl. Th' Earles are yet without
In the Lieutenants Cuſtody, who waites
But to receive your Majeſties Command
To carry 'em thither.

Queen. What ſhall I do now?
Wake me thou watchful Genius of thy Queen, } *Aſide.*
Rouze me, and Arme now againſt my Foe, }

Pitties

Pitty's my Enemy, and Love's my Foe,
And both have equally Conſpir'd with *Eſſex*.
Ha! Shall I then refuſe to puniſh him!
Condemn the Slave that diſobey'd my Orders,
That brav'd me to my Face, and did attempt
To murder me, then went about to gain
My Subjects Hearts, and ſeize my Crown.
Now by my thouſand wrongs 'a dyes, dyes quickly,
And I cou'd Stab this Heart, if I but thought
The Traytor in it to corrupt it——Away
And ſend him to the Tower with ſpeed——Yet hold. } *Aſide.*

C.*Nott*. The Queen's diſtracted how to ſave the Earl—
Her Study puts my Hatred on the Wrack. } *Aſide.*

Queen. Who is it thou wou'dſt kill with ſo much haſt?
Is it not *Eſſex*? Him thou didſt Create,
And Crown'd his Morning with full Rayes of Honours?
Whilſt he return'd 'em with whole Springs of Lawrels,
Faught for thy Fame a Hundred Times in Blood,
And ventur'd twice as many Lives for thee;
And ſhall I then for one raſh act of his
Of which I was the cruel Cauſe, Condemn him? } *Aſide.*

C.*Not*. Her Rage Ebbs out, and Pity flows apace. [*Aſide.*

Queen. Do what you will my Stars, do as you pleaſe
Juſt Heav'n, and Senſure *England*'s Queen for it,
Yet *Eſſex* I muſt ſee, and then who e're thou art
That when I'm dead ſhall call this tender Fault,
This only Action of my Life in Queſtion,
Thou canſt at worſt but ſay that it was Love,
Love that does never ceaſe to be Obey'd,
Love that has all my Power and ſtrength betray'd,
Love that ſwayes wholly like the Cauſe of things.
Kings may Rule Subjects, but Love Reigns o're Kings,
Sets bounds to Heav'ns high Wrath when 'tis ſevere,
And is the greateſt Bliſs and Virtue there——
Carry *Southampton* to the Tower ſtraight,
But *Eſſex* I will ſee before he goes——
Now help me Art, check ev'ry Pulſe within me,
And let me feign a Courage tho' I've none.—— } *Aſide.*

Enter

Enter Eſſex *with Guards.*

Behold 'a comes with ſuch a Pomp of miſery!
Greatneſs in all he ſhews, and nothing makes } *Aſide.*
Him leſs, but turns to be Majeſtick in him.
All that are preſent for a while withdraw,
And leave the Priſoner here with me Unguarded.

Exeunt. Manent Queen & Eſſex.

Eſſ. Thus, tho I am Condemn'd and hated by you,
A Traytor by your Royal will Proclaim'd; [Eſſex *kneels.*]
Thus do I bleſs my Queen, and all thoſe Powers
That have inſpir'd her with ſuch tender mercy,
As once to hear her dying *Eſſex* ſpeak,
And now receive his Sentence from your Lips,
Which let it be my Life or Death, they'r both
Alike to me, from you my Royal Miſtreſs:
And thus I will receive my Doom, and wiſh
My Knees might ever till my dying minute
Cleave to the Earth, as now they do in token of
The choiceſt, humbleſt begging of the Bleſſing.

Queen. Pray riſe my Lord. You ſee that I dare venture
To leave my ſelf without a Guard between us.

Eſſ. Faireſt that e're was *England*'s Queen, you need not——
The time has been that *Eſſex* has been thought
A Guard, and being near you, has been more
Than Crouds of Mercinary Slaves;
And is he not ſo now? O think me rather,
Think me a Traytor, if I can be ſo
Without a thought againſt your Pretious Life,
But wrong me not with that: For by your ſelf,
By your bright ſelf that rules o're all my Wiſhes,
I Swear I would not touch that Life, to be
As Great as you, the Greateſt Prince on Earth;
Lightning ſhou'd blaſt me firſt,
E're I wou'd touch the Perſon of my Queen,
Leſs gentle than the Breeze.

Queen. Oh y'are become a wondrous Penitent
My Lord, the time has been you were not ſo:
Then you were haughty, and becauſe you urg'd me,

Urg'd

Urg'd me beyond the ſuffering of a Saint,
To ſtrike you, which a King wou'd have obey'd;
Then ſtraight your Malice led you to the City,
Tempting my Loyal Subjects to Rebel,
Laying a Plot how to ſurprize the Court,
Then ſeize my Perſon with my chiefeſt Council
To Murder them, and I to beg your Mercy;
This, this the wond'rous Faithful *Eſſex* did,
Thou whom I rais'd from the vile Duſt of man,
And plac'd thee as a Jewel in my Crown,
And bought thee dearly for my Favour, at the rate
Of all my Peoples Grievances and Curſes,
Yet thou didſt this, ingrateful Monſter, this
And all, for which as ſurely thou ſhalt dye,
Dye like the fouleſt and the worſt Ingrate;
But Fetters now have humbled you I ſee.

Eſſ. O hear me ſpeak moſt injur'd Majeſty,
Brighteſt of Queens, Goddeſs of Mercy too,
Oh think not that the Fear of Death or Priſons
Can e're diſturb a Heart like mine, or make it
More Guilty, or more ſenſible of Guilt.
All that y'are pleas'd to ſay, I now confeſs,
Confeſs my Miſery, my Crime, my ſhame;
Yet neither Death nor Hell ſhou'd make me own it,
But true Remorce and duty to your ſelf,
And Love——I dare ſtand Candidate with Heav'n,
Who loves you moſt and pureſt.

Queen. Now he awakes me,
And all my Faculties begin to liſten,
Steal to my Eyes, and tread ſoft paces to
My Ears as loth to be diſcover'd, yet
As loth to looſe the Syrens Charming Song. *Aſide.*
Help me a little now my cautious Angel.—
I muſt confeſs I formerly believ'd ſo,
And I acknowledg'd it by my Rewards.

Eſſ. You have, but oh what has my Raſhneſs done!
And what has not my Guilt Condemn'd me to!
Seated I was in Heav'n, where once that Angel,
That haughty Spirit Reign'd that Tempted me,
But now thrown down, like him, to worſe than Hell.

Queen. I, think on that, and like that Fiend roar ſtill
In Torments, when thou may'ſt have been moſt happy—
There I out-did my ſtrength, and feel my Rage
Recoyl upon me, like a fooliſh Child
Who firing of a Gun as much as he can lift,
Is blaſted with the Fury of the Blow. *Aſide.*

Eſſ. Moſt bleſt of Queens! her Doom, her very Anger's kind,
And I will ſuffer it as willingly
As your loud wrongs inſtruct you to inflict.
I know my Death is nigh, my Enemies
Stand like a Guard of Furies ready by you
To intercept each Sigh, kind wiſh, or Pitty,
Ere it can reach to Heav'n in my Defence,
And daſh it with a Cloud of Accuſations.

Queen. Ha! I begin to dread the Danger nigh,
Like an unskillful Swimmer that has Waded
Beyond his depth, I'm caught, and almoſt drown'd,
In Pitty—What! And no one neer to help me! *Aſide.*

Eſſ. My Father once too truly skill'd in Fate,
In my firſt blooming Age to rip'ning Glory,
Bid me beware my Six and Thirtieth year,
That year ſaid he will fatal to thee prove,
Something like Death, or worſe than Death will ſeize thee.
Too well I find that Cruel Time's at Hand,
For what can e're more Fatal to me prove,
Than my loſt Fame, and looſing of my Queen.

Queen. 'Tis ſo, 'tis true, nor is it in my Power
To help him—Ha! Why is it not? What hinders!
Who dares, or thinks to contradict my Will!
Is it my Subjects or my Virtue ſtayes me?
No, Virtue's Patient and abhorres Revenge,
Nay, ſometimes weeps at Juſtice—'Tis not Love—
Ah call it any thing but that; 'tis Mercy,
Mercy that Pitties Foes when in diſtreſs,
Mercy the Heav'ns Delights—— *Aſide.*
My Lord I fear your hot-ſpurr Violence
Has brought you to the very brink of Fate,
And 'tis not in my Power if I'd the will,
To ſave you from the Sentence of the Law.
The Lords that are to be your equal Judges,

The Houſe has choſe already, and to morrow,
So ſoon your Tryal is to be. The People
Cry loud for Juſtice; therefore I'll no more
Repeat my wrongs, but think you are the man
That once was Loyal.

Eſſ. Once!———

Queen. Hold ——For that Reaſon I will not upbraid you;
To Triumph o're a miſerable man
Is baſe in any, in a Queen far worſe———
Speak now my Lord, and think what's in my Power
That may not wrong your Queen, and I will Grant you—
So—I am ſure in this I have not err'd. [*Aſide.*

Eſſ. Bleſt be my Queen in Mercy rich as Heav'n——
Now, now my Chaines are light——Come welcome Death,
Come all you Spirits of Immortallity,
And waft my Soul unto his bright abode,
That gives my Queen this Goodneſs: Let me then
Moſt humbly and devoutly ask Two things,
The Firſt is, if I am Condemn'd,
That Execution may be done within
The Tower Walls, and ſo I may not ſuffer
Upon a Publick Scaffold to the World.

Queen. I Grant it—O, and wiſh I cou'd do more. [*Aſide.*

Eſſ. Eternal Bleſſings Crown your Royal Head,
The next, the extreameſt Bliſs my Soul can Covet
And carry with it to the other World,
As a firm Paſport to the Powers incens'd,
Say you have Pardon'd me, and have forgot
The Rage, the Guilt, and folly of your *Eſſex.*

Queen. Ha! What ſhall I do now! } *Aſide.*
Look to thy ſelf, and Guard thy Character—— }
Go cure your Fame, and make your ſelf but what I wiſh you,
Then you ſhall find that I am ſtill your Queen———
But that you may not ſee I'm Covetous
Of my Forgiveneſs, take it from my Heart;
I freely Pardon now what e're y'ave done
Amiſs to me, and hope you will be quitted;
Nay I not only hope it, but ſhall Pray for it,
My Prayers to Heav'n ſhall be that you may cleer
Your ſelf.

Eſſ. O moſt Renown'd and God-like Mercy!
O let me go, your goodneſs is too bright
For ſinful Eyes like mine, or like the Feind
Of Hell, when daſht from the Aetherial Light,
I ſhall ſhoot downwards with my weight of Curſes,
Cleave and be Chain'd for ever to the Center.——

Queen. He is going, I, but whether? To his Tryal,
To be Condemn'd perhaps, and then to dye;
If ſo, what Mercy haſt thou ſhew'd in that!
Pitty and Pardon! Poor Amends for Life!
If thoſe be well, a Crocodile is blameleſs
That weeps for Pitty, yet devours his Prey.
And dare not I do more for *Eſſex*, I
That am a Woman, and in Woman-kind
Pitty's their Nature; therefore I'm reſolv'd
It ſhall be in's own Power to Save his Life.
If I ſhall ſin in this, Witneſs juſt Heav'n
'Tis Mercy like your ſelves that draws me to't,
And youl forgive me, tho the World may not——
Aſide.

My Lord, perhaps we ne're may meet again,
And you in Perſon may not have the Power
T'implore what I too freely Grant you, therefore
That you may ſee you have not barely forc'd
An empty Pitty from me, Here's a Pledge,
I give it from my Finger with this Promiſe,
That whenſoever you return this Ring, [*Gives him a Ring.*
To Grant in lieu of it what e're you ask.

Eſſ. Thus I receive it with far greater Joy [*Receives it on his knees.*
Than the poor Remnant of Mankind that ſaw
The Rain-bow Token in the Heav'ns, when ſtraight
The Floods abated, and the Hills appear'd,
And a new ſmiling World the Waves brought forth.

Queen. No more, begon, fly with thy ſafety hence,
Leaſt horrid, dread Repentance ſeize my Soul,
And I recall this ſtrange miſdeed—Here take [*Enter the reſt with*
Your Priſoner, there he is, to be Condemn'd *the Guards.*]
Or quited by the Law----Away with him. [*Exeunt Guard with*
Now *Nottingam*, thy Queen is now at reſt, *the Earl.*]
And *Eſſex* Fate is now my leaſt of Troubles.

Enter

Enter Counteſs of Eſſex *running and Weeping, then kneels before the* Queen *and holds her by her Robe.*

C. *Eſſ.* Where is my Queen? Where is my Royal Miſtreſs?——
I throw my ſelf for mercy here.
Queen. What meanſt thou!
C. *Eſſ.* Here I will kneel, here with my humble Body
Faſt rooted to the Earth as I'm to ſorrow,
No moiſture but my tears to nouriſh me,
Nor Aire but ſighs, till I ſhall grow at laſt
Like a poor ſhrivell'd Trunk blaſted with Age
And Grief, and never think to riſe again
Till I've obtain'd the Mercy I implore.
Queen. Thou doſt amaze me.
C. *Eſſ.* Here let me grow the Abject'ſt thing on Earth,
A deſpis'd Plant beneath the mighty Cedar;
Yet if you will not pitty me I ſwear
Theſe Armes ſhall never ceaſe, but graſping ſtill
Your Royal Robe, ſhall hold you thus for ever.
Queen. Prythee be quick and tell me what thou'dſt have.
C. *Eſſ.* I dare not, yet I muſt——My ſilence will
Be Death, my Puniſhment can be no more.
Prepare to hear, but learn to pitty firſt,
For 'tis a Story that will ſtart your Patience.——
O ſave the Earl of *Eſſex*, ſave his Life,
My Lord whom you've condemn'd to Priſons ſtraight,
And ſave my Life, who am no longer *Rutland*,
But *Eſſex* Faithful Wife——He is my Husband.
Queen. Thy Husband!
C. *Eſſ.* Yes, too true it is I fear,
By th' awful darting Fury in your Eyes,
The threatning Prologue of our utter Ruines.
Marry'd we were in ſecret e're my Lord
Was ſent by you t'his fatal Government
In *Ireland*.
Queen. Then thou art Wedded to thy Grave——
Doſt think by this, in multiplying Treaſons,
And boldly braveing me with them before
My Face, to ſave thy wicked Husband's Life?

What

What will my reſtleſs Fate do with me now! [*Aſide.*
Why doſt thou hold me ſo? take off thy hands.

C. *Eſſ.* Alas, I ask not mine; if that will pleaſe you
I'll glut you with my torments; act what e're
Your Fury can invent; but 'tis for him,
My Lord, my Love, the Soul of my Deſires.
My Love's not like the common Rate of Womens,
It is a *Phœnix*, there's not one ſuch more:
How gladly would I burn like that rare Bird,
So that the Aſhes of my Heart cou'd purchaſe
Poor *Eſſex* Life and Favour of my Princeſs.

Queen. Woud I were looſe 'mong Wilds, or any where
In any Hell but this——Why ſay I Hell? } *Aſide.*
Can there be melting Lead, or Sulpher yet
To add more Pain to what my Breaſt indures!
Why doſt thou hang on me, and tempt me ſtill?

C. *Eſſ.* O throw me not away——Wou'd you but pleaſe
To feel my throbbing Breaſt, you might perceive,
At ev'ry name, and very thought of *Eſſex*,
How my Blood ſtarts, and Pulſes beat for fear,
And ſhake and tear my Body like an Earth-quake,
And ah, which cannot chooſe but ſtir your heart
The more to pitty me, th'unhappy frighted Infant,
The tender Off-ſpring of our guilty Joyes,
Pleads for its Father in the very Womb,
As now its wretched Mother does.

Queen. Quickly
Unlooſe her Hands, and take her from my ſight.

C. *Eſſ.* O you will not——you'l hear me firſt, and grant me,
Grant me poor *Eſſex* Life---Shall *Eſſex* live?
Say, but you'l Pardon him before I go?——

Queen. Help me——Will no one eaſe me of this Burthen?

C. *Eſſ.* Oh I'm too weak for theſe inhumane Creatures, [*The Women take off her hold.*
My ſtrength's decay'd, my Joynts and Fingers num'd,
And can no longer hold, but fall I muſt.
Thus like a miſerable Wretch that thinks
H'as ſcap'd from drowning, holding on a Rock
With fear and Paine, and his own weight oppreſt,
And daſht by ev'ry Wave that ſhrinks his hold, [*She falls down with faintneſs.*]

At

At length lets go, and drops into the Sea,
And cryes for help, but all in vain like me.
Queen. Begon, and be deliver'd of thy shame,
Let the vile Insect live, and grow to be
A Monster baser, hotter, worser far
Than the ingrateful Parents that begot it.
C. *Ess.* Ah cruel most remorceless Princess hold,
What has It done to draw such Curses from you!
Queen. Go, let her be close Prisoner in her Chamber.
C. *Ess.* Since I must go, and from my *Essex* part,
Despair and Death at once come seize my Heart;
Shut me from Light, from Day, ne're to be seen,
By humane kind, nor my more cruel Queen;
Yet bless her Heav'n, and hear my Loyal Prayer,
May you ne're Love like me, nor ne'r despair,
Ne're see the Man at his departing Breath
Whom you so Love, and fain wou'd save from Death;
Least Heav'n be Deaf as you are to my Cry,
And you run mad, and be as curst as I. [*Exit C.* Essex, *carried away by Women.*
Queen. She's gone, but at her parting shot a truth
Into my Breast, has pierc't my Soul.———
Why was I Queen? And why was I not *Rutland*?
Then had my Princess, as my self did now,
Giv'n *Essex* such a Ring, and the Reward
Had then been mine as now the Torment is———
O wretched State of Monarchs! theirs is still
The Business of the World, and all the Pains,
Whilst happy Subjects sleep beneath their Gains;
The meanest Hind rules in his humble House,
And nothing but the Day sees what he does;
But Princes, like the Queen of Night so high,
Their spots are seen by ev'ry Vulgar Eye;
And as the Sun, the Plannets glorious King,
Gives life and growth to ev'ry Mortal thing,
And by his Motion all the World is blest,
Whilst he himself can never be at Rest;
So if there are such Blessings in a Throne,
Kings Raign 'em down, while they themselves have none.

Finis Actus Quarti. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus

Actus Quintus. Scœna prima.

Sir Walter Rawleigh *with the Queens Guards, The Lieutenant of the Tower.*

Raw. MR. *Lieutenant*, here expires my Charge;
I receiv'd Orders from Her Majesty,
And the Lord Steward to return the Prisoners
Safe in your Custody, and with you I leave 'em,
With charge to have 'em in a readiness,
For Execution will be very speedy.
Lieut. I shall Sir.

Enter the Countess of Nottingham.

Raw. Ha! the Lady *Nottingham*!
What makes her here?
Nott. Where is my Lord of *Essex*?
I am commanded straight to speak with him,
And bring a Message from Her Majesty.
Raw. Madam,
What News can this strange visit bring?
How faires the Queen? Are her Resolves yet stedfast?
Nott. No, when she heard that *Essex* was Condemn'd,
She started and look'd pale, then blushing red,
And said that Execution shou'd be straight,
Then stopt, and said she'd hear first from the Earl:
So she retir'd and past an hour in Thought,
None daring t'interrupt her till in haste
She sent for me, Commanding me to go
And tell my Lord from her, she cou'd resist
No longer her Subjects loud demands for Justice,
And therefore wisht if he had any Reasons
That were of weight to stay his Execution,
That he wou'd send 'em straight by me; then blush'd

Again

Again, and ſigh'd, and preſs'd my hand,
And pray'd me to be ſecret, and deliver
What *Eſſex* ſhou'd return in anſwer to her.
Raw. I know not what ſhe means, but doubt th'Event;—
You can tell beſt the cauſe of her diſturbance.
I will to *Burleigh*, and then both of us
Will make Attempts to recollect the Queen.
Exit Rawleigh *and Guards.*
Nott. Pray bring me to my Lord.
Lieut. Madam, I will acquaint him that y'are here. *Exit* Lieut.
Nott. Now Dragons Blood diſtill through all my veins,
And Gaul inſtead of Milk ſwell up my Breaſts,
That nothing of the Woman may appear,
But horrid Cruelty, and fierce Revenge———

Enter Eſſex.

He comes with ſuch a Gallantry and Port,
As if his Miſeries were Harbingers,
And Death the State to ſet his Perſon out———
Wrongs leſs than mine, though in a Tyger's Breaſt,
Might now be reconcil'd to ſuch an Object;
But ſlighted Love my Sex can ne're forget.
Eſſ. Madam, this is a Miracle of Favour,
A double goodneſs in my Royal Miſtreſs,
T'imploy the fair, the Injur'd *Nottingham*;
And 'tis no leſs in you to condeſcend
To ſee a wretch like me that has deſerv'd
No favour at your hands.
Nott. No more my Lord, the Queen,
The Gratious Queen commends her Pitty to you,
Pitty by me that owe a great deal more
You know, and wiſh that I were once your Queen,
To give you what my heart has had ſo long in ſtore.
Eſſ. Then has my Death more Charmes than Life can promiſe,
Since my Queen pitties me, and you forgive me.
Nott. Hold good my Lord, that is not all, ſhe ſends
To know if you can any thing propoſe
To mittigate your Doom, and ſtay your Death,
Which elſe can be no longer than this Day.

Next if y'are satisfy'd with ev'ry passage
In your late Tryal, if 'twere fair and legal,
And if y'ave those Exceptions that are real
She'll answer them?

Ess. Still is my Death more welcome,
And Life wou'd be a burthen to my Soul,
Since I can ne're requite such Royal Goodness.
Tell her then, fair and charitable Messenger,
That *Essex* does acknowledge every Crime,
His Guilt unworthy of such wond'rous Mercy,
Thanks her bright Justice, and the Lords his Judges,
For all was Gratious and Divine like her;
And I have now no Injustice to accuse,
Nor Enemy to blame that was the Cause,
Nor Innocence to save me but the Queen.

Nott. Ha is this true! How he undoes my Hopes! [*Aside.*
And is that all? have you not one Request
To ask, that you can think the Queen will grant you?

Ess. I have, and humbly 'tis that she wou'd please
To spare my Life; not that I fear to dye,
But in submission to her Heav'nly Justice.
I own my Life a forfeit to her Power,
And therefore ought to beg it of her Mercy.

Nott. If this be real, my Revenge is lost. [*Aside.*
Is there naught else that you rely upon,
Only submitting to the Queens meer Mercy,
And barely asking her so great a Grace?
Have you no other Hopes?

Ess. Some Hopes I have.

Nott. What are they, pray my Lord? declare 'em boldly,
For to that only purpose I am sent.

Ess. Than I am happy, happiest of mankind;
Blest in the rarest mercy of my Queen,
And such a Friend as you, blest in you both;
The Extasie will let me hold no longer———
Behold this Ring the Pasport of my Life;
At last y'ave pull'd the secret from my Heart.
This pretious token———
Amidst my former Triumphs in her favour
She took from off her Finger, and bestow'd

On

On me —— Mark, with the Promise of a Queen,
Of her bright self less failing than an Oracle,
That in what Exigence or State soe're
My Life was in, that time when I gave back,
Or shou'd return this Ring again to her,
She'd then deny me nothing I cou'd ask.

Nott. O give it me my Lord, and quickly let
Me bear it to the Queen, and ask your Life.

Ess. Hold generous Madam, I receiv'd it on [*Kneels and gives*
My Knees, and on my Knees I will restore it. Nottingham *the*
Here take it, but consider what you take: *Ring.*
'Tis the Life, Blood, and very Soul of *Essex.*
I've heard that by a skillful Artist's Hand,
The Bowels of a Wretch were taken out,
And yet he liv'd; you are that Gallant Artist,
O touch it as you wou'd the Seales of Life,
And give it to my Royal Mistress Hand,
As you wou'd pour my Blood back in its empty Channels,
That gape and thirst like Fishes on the Ouse
When streams run dry, and their own Element
Forsakes 'em; if this shou'd in the least miscarry,
My Life's the purchase that the Queen will have for't.

Nott. Doubt you my care my Lord? I hope you do not.

Ess. I will no more suspect my Fate, nor you:
Such Beauty, and such Merits must prevail.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Th'Earl of *Southampton* having Leave,
Desires to speak with you my Lord.

Nott. Repose
Your mind, and take no thought but to be happy;
I'll send you Tidings of a lasting Life.

Ess. A longer and much happier Life attend
Both my good Queen and you. *Exit* Essex.

Nott. Farewell my Lord——
Yes, a much longer Life than thine I hope,
And if thou chance to dream of such strange things,
Let it be there where lying Poets feign
Elisium is, where Mirtles lovely spread,

Trees of delicious Fruit invite the Taſt,
And ſweet *Arabian* Plants delight the ſmell,
Where pleaſant Gardens dreſt with curious Care
By Lovers Ghoſts, ſhall recreate thy Fancy,
And there perhaps thou ſoon ſhalt meet again
With amourous *Rutland*, for ſhe cannot chooſe
But be Romantick now, and follow thee———

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Wom. Madam, the Queen.

Nott. Ha! that's unlucky——She come to the Tower!
Yet 'tis no matter; ſee him I am ſure
She will not, or at worſt will be perſwaded.

Enter the Queen.

Queen. How now dear *Nottingham*, haſt ſeen the Earl?
I left *White-hall*, becauſe I cou'd not reſt
For Crowds that hollow'd for their Executions,
And others that Petition'd for the Traytors.
Quick, tell me, haſt thou done as I commanded?

Nott. Yes Madam, I have ſeen, and ſpoke with him.

Queen. And what has he ſaid to thee for himſelf?

Nott. At my firſt converſe with him I did find him
Not totally deſpairing, nor complaining;
But yet a haughty melancholly
Appear'd in all his Looks, that ſhew'd him rather
Like one that had more Care
Of future Life than this.

Queen. Well, but what ſaid he,
When thou awakeſt him with the Hopes of Pitty?

Nott. To my firſt Queſtion put by your Command,
Which was to know if he were ſatisfied
In the proceedings of his Lawful Tryal,
He anſwer'd with a careleſs Tone and Geſture,
That it was true, and he muſt needs confeſs
His Tryal lookt moſt fair to all the World;
But yet he too well knew,
The Law that made his Actions Treaſon,
Conſulted but with Foes and Circumſtances,

And

And never took from Heav'n, or *Eſſex* Thoughts
A Preſident, or Cauſe that might Condemn him,
For if they had the leaſt been read in either,
They wou'd have quickly found his Innocence.
Queen. Ha!
Nott. That was but the Prologue, mark what follows.
Queen. What, durſt he be ſo bold to brand my Juſtice!
Nott. I pray'd that he wou'd urge that Sence no more,
But ſince he was Condemn'd and ſtood in need
Of Mercy, to implore it of your Majeſty,
And beg his Life which you wou'd not deny:
For to that End I ſaid that you were pleas'd
To ſend me to him, and then told him all,
Nay more than you commanded me to ſay.
Queen. What ſaid he then? That alter'd him I hope.
Nott. No, not at all, but as I've ſeen a Lyon
That has been play'd withall with gentle ſtroaks,
Has at the laſt been jeaſted into madneſs;
So on a ſudden ſtarted into Paſſion
The furious Earl, his Eyes grew fiery red,
His words precipitate, and ſpeech diſorder'd;
Let the Queen have my Blood ſaid he, 'tis that
She longs for, pour it to my Foes to drink,
As Hunters when the Quarry is run down,
Throw to the Hounds his Intrails for Reward.
I have enough to ſpare, but by the Heav'ns
I ſwear, were all my Veins like Rivers full,
And if my Body held a Sea of Blood,
I'de looſe it all to the laſt innocent drop,
Before I'de like a Villain beg my Life.
Queen. Hold *Nottingham*, and ſay th'art not in earneſt—
Can this be true, ſo impudent a Traytor!
Nott. That's but the Gloſs, the Colour of his Treaſon,
But after he did paint himſelf to th'Life.
Wou'd the Queen, ſaid he, have me own a Treaſon,
Impoſe upon my ſelf a Crime, the Law
Has found me Guilty of by her Command;
And ſo by asking of my Forfeit Life,
Clear and Proclaim her Juſtice to the World,
And ſtain my ſelf for ever; no I'll dye firſt.

Queen. Enough, I'll hear no more, you wrong him, 'tis
Impossible he should be such a Devil.
Nott. Madam I've done.
Queen. I prithee pardon me——
But cou'd he say all this!
Nott. He did, and more;
But 'tis no matter, 'twill not be believ'd
If I shou'd tell the half of what he utter'd,
How insolent, and how profane he us'd you.
Queen. You need not, I had rather
Believe it all than put you to the trouble
To tell it o're again, and me to hear it.
Then I am lost, betray'd by this false Man,
My Courage, Power, my Pitty, all betray'd,
And like that Gyant, Patriarch of the Jews,
Bereft at once both of his sight and strength
By Treacherous Foes, I wander in the dark,
By *Essex* weakned, and by *Essex* blinded;
But then as he pray'd that his strength might grow, *Aside.*
At once to be reveng'd on them and dye,
So grant me Heav'n but so much Resolution
To grope my way where I may lay but hold
On whatsoe're this huge *Colossus* stands,
I'll pull the Scaffold down, tho o're my Head,
And loose my Life to be reveng'd on his——
Well *Nottingham*, I have but one word more,
Talkt not this wicked Creature of no Reason,
No Obligation that I had to save
His Life?
Nott. No, but far worse than I have told you.
Queen. Sure thou art most unhappy in ill News!
No promise, nor no token did he speak of?
Nott. Not the least word, and if there are such things,
I do suppose he keeps 'em to himself
For Reasons that I know not.
Queen. 'Tis most false,
He needs must tell thee all, and thou betray'st him.
Nott. Your Majesty does me wrong——
Queen. Hear me——
Oh I can hold no longer——Say, sent he

No

No Ring, no Token, nor no Meſſage by thee?
Nott. Not any on the forfeit of my Life.
Queen. Thou lyeſt—Can Earth produce ſo vile a Creature!——
Hence from my ſight, and ſee my Face no more——
Yet tarry *Nottingham*——Come back again.
This may be true, and I am ſtill the Wretch [*Aſide.*
To blame and to be pitty'd——Prithee pardon me;
Forget my Rage, thy Queen is ſorry for't.
Nott. I wou'd your Majeſty in ſtead of me,
Had ſent a Perſon that you cou'd confide in,
Or elſe that you wou'd ſee the Earl your ſelf.
Queen. Prithee no more; Go to him!
No, but I'll ſend a Meſſage for his Head.
His Head's the Token that my wrongs require,
And his baſe blood the ſtream to quench my Fury.——
Prithee invent: for thou art wondrous witty
At ſuch inventions; teach my feeble malice
How to torment him with a thouſand Deaths,
Or what is worſe than Death——Speak, my *Medea*,
And thou wilt then oblige thy Queen for ever.
Nott. Firſt Sign an Order for his Execution.
Queen. Say, it is done, but how to torture him!
Nott. Then as the Lords are carrying to the Block,
Condoleing both their ſad Misfortunes,
Which to departing Souls is ſome delight;
Order a Pardon for *Southampton*'s Life,
It will be worſe than Hell to *Eſſex* Soul
Where 'tis a going, to ſee his Friend ſnatcht from him,
And make him curſe his ſo much Pride and folly
That loſt his own Life, in exchange for his.
Queen. That was well thought on!
Nott. This is but the leaſt.
The next will be a fatal ſtroak, a blow indeed,
A thouſand Heads to looſe is not ſo dreadful.
Let *Rutland* ſee him at the very Moment
Of her Expiring Husband; ſhe will hang
Worſe than his Guilt upon him, lure his Mind,
And pull it back to Earth again; double
All the fierce Pangs of thought and Death upon him,
And make his loaded Spirits ſink to Hell.

Queen.

Queen. O th'art the *Machiavile* of all thy Sex,
Thou braveſt, moſt heroick for Invention!
Come, let's diſpatch——

Enter Burleigh, Rawleigh, *Lords, Attendants, and Guards.*

My Lords, ſee Execution done on *Eſſex*;
But for *Southampton*, I will pardon him;
His Crimes he may repent of; they were not
So great, but done in friendſhip to the other.
Act my Commands with ſpeed, that both of us
May ſtraight be out of Torment——My Lord *Burleigh*,
And you Sir *Walter Rawleigh* ſee't perform'd;
I'll not return till you have brought the News.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Nottingham.

Raw. I wou'd ſhe were a hundred League froms hence,
Well, and the Crown upon her Head; I fear
She'll not continue in this mind a Moment.

Burl. Then't ſhall be done this Moment——Who attends?
Bid the Lieutenant have his Priſoners ready. *Exit Officer.*
Now we may hope to ſee fair Dayes again
In *England*, when this hov'ring Cloud is vaniſht,
Which hung ſo long betwixt our Royal Sun
And us, but ſoon will viſit us with ſmiles,
And raiſe her drooping Subjects Hearts——

Enter the two Earles, the Lieutenant and Guards.

My Lord,
We bring an Order for your Execution,
And hope you are prepar'd; for you muſt dye
This very hour.

South. Indeed the time is ſudden!——

Eſſ. Is Death th'Event of all my flatter'd Hopes!
Falſe Sex, and Queen more perjur'd than them all!——
But dye I will without the leaſt Complaint,
My Soul ſhall vaniſh ſilent as the Dew
Attracted by the Sun from verdent Fields,
And leaves of weeping Flowers—Come my dear Friend,
Partner in Fate, give me thy Body in
Theſe Faithful Armes, and O now let me tell thee

And

And you, my Lords, and Heav'n's my Witneſs too,
I have no weight, no heavineſs on my Soul,
But that I've loſt my deareſt Friend his Life.
South. And I proteſt by the ſame Powers Divine,
And to the World, 'tis all my Happineſs,
The greateſt Bliſs my mind yet e're enjoy'd,
Since we muſt dye my Lord, to dye together.
Burl. The Queen, my Lord *Southampton*, has been pleas'd
To grant particular Mercy to your Perſon;
And has by us ſent you a Reprieve from Death,
With Pardon of your Treaſons, and commands
You to depart immediately from hence.
South. O my unguarded Soul! Sure never was
A man with mercy wounded ſo before.
Eſſ. Then I am looſe to ſteer my wandring Voyage,
Like a glad Veſſel that has long been croſt,
And bound by adverſe Winds, at laſt gets liberty,
And joyfully makes all the Sail ſhe can
To reach its wiſht-for Port——Angels protect
The Queen; for her my chiefeſt Prayers ſhall be,
That as in time ſh'as ſpar'd my Noble Friend,
And owns his Crimes worth Mercy, may ſhe ne're
Think ſo of me too late when I am dead——
Again *Southampton*, let me hold thee faſt,
For 'tis my laſt Embrace.
South. O be leſs kind my Friend, or move leſs Pitty,
Or I ſhall ſink beneath the weight of ſadneſs;
Witneſs the Joy I have in Life to part
With you; witneſs theſe Womans Throbs and Tears;
I weep that I am doom'd to live without you,
And ſhou'd have ſmil'd to ſhare the Death of *Eſſex*.
Eſſ. O ſpare this tenderneſs for one that needs it,
For her that I'll commit to all that I
Can claim of my *Southampton*——O my Wife!
Methinks that very name ſhou'd ſtop thy Pitty,
And make thee covetous of all as loſt
That is not meant to her——Be a kind Friend
To her as we have been to one another;
Name not the dying *Eſſex* to thy Queen
Leaſt it ſhou'd coſt a Tear, nor ne're offend her.

South. O ſtay my Lord, let me have one word more,
One laſt farewel before the greedy Axe
Shall part my Friend, my only Friend from me,
And *Eſſex* from himſelf——I know not what
Are call'd the Pangs of Death, but ſure I am
I feel an Agony that's worſe than Death——
Farewell.

Eſſ. Why that's well ſaid—Farewell to thee——
Then let us part, juſt like two Travellors
Take diſtant Paths, only this difference is,
Thine is the longeſt, mine the ſhorteſt way——
Now let me go——If there's a Throne in Heaven
For the moſt brave of Men, and beſt of Friends,
I will beſpeak it for *Southampton.*

South. And I, while I have Life will hoard thy Memory;
When I am dead, we then ſhall meet again.

Eſſ. Till then Farewell.

South. Till then Farewell.

Eſſ. Now on my Lords, and execute your Office——[*Exit* South.

Enter Counteſs of Eſſex *and Women.*

My Wife! Nay then my Stars will ne're have done.
Malitious Planets reign, I'll bear it all
To your laſt drop of Venom on my Head——
Why cruel lovely Creature doſt thou come
To add to ſorrow if't be poſſible:
A Figure more lamenting? Why this kindneſs,
This killing kindneſs now at ſuch a time.
To add more Woes to thine and my misfortunes.

C. *Eſſ.* The Queen my Lord has been ſo merciful,
Or cruel, name it as you pleaſe, to let
Me ſee my *Eſſex* e're he dyes.

Eſſ. Has ſhe,
Then let's improve this very little Time
Our niggard Fate allows us: For w'are owing
To this ſhort ſpace all the dear love we had
In ſtore for many happy promis'd years.

C. *Eſſ.* What hinders then but that we ſhou'd be happy,
Whileſt others live long years, and ſip, and taſt
Like Niggards of their Loves, we'll take whole Draughts.

Eſſ. Then let's embrace in Extaſies and Joyes,

Drink

Drink all our Honey up in one ſhort moment,
That ſhou'd have ſerv'd us for our Winter ſtore,
Be laviſh, and profuſe like wanton Heirs
That waſt their whole Eſtates at once,
For the kind Queen takes care and has ordain'd
That we ſhall never live to want.
Burl. My Lord,
Prepare, the very utmoſt Time's at hand,
And we muſt ſtraight perform the Queens Command
In leading you to Juſtice.
C. *Eſſ.* Hold good *Lucifer*,
Be kind a little, and defer Damnation,
Thou canſt not think how I will Worſhip thee,
No *Indian* ſhall adore thee as I will,
Thou ſhalt have Martyrs, and whole Heccatombs
Of ſlaughter'd Innocents to ſuck their Blood,
Widdows Eſtates, and Orphans without number,
Mannors and Parks more than thy Luſt requires,
Till thou ſhalt dye and leave a Kings Eſtate
Behind thee.
Eſſ. Pr'y thee ſpare thy pretious Heart,
That fluttering ſo with Paſſion in thy Breaſt,
Has almoſt bruis'd its tenderneſs to Death.
C. *Eſſ.* Why ask I him, and think of Pitty there!
From him on whom kind Heav'n has ſet a Mark,
A heap of Rubbiſh at the door to ſhew
No cleanly Virtue can inhabite there———
Malitious Toad, and which is worſe, foul *Cecil*,
I tell thee *Eſſex* ſoon ſhall reign in Heav'n,
While thou ſhalt grovel in the Den of Hell,
Roar like the Damn'd, and tremble to behold him.
Go ſhare Dominions with the Powers of Hell;
For *Lucifer* himſelf will ne're diſpute
Thy great Deſert in wickedneſs above him,
Nor who's the uglyer Fiend, thy ſelf or he.
Raw. My Lord, you think not of the Queens Commands,
And can you ſtand thus unconcern'd, and hear
Your ſelf ſo much abus'd.
Burl. Be patient *Rawleigh*,
The Pain is all her own, and hurts not *Cecil*,

She will be weary ſooner than my ſelf——
Poor ionocent and moſt unhappy Lady,
I pitty her.

C. *Eſſ.* Why doſt thou pitty me!
Nay then I'm faln into a low Eſtate
Indeed; if Hell compaſſionates my Miſeries,
They muſt be greater than the Damn'd indure——
I Prithee Pardon me——Ah my lov'd Lord,
My Heart begins to break; let me go with thee,
And ſee the fatal Blow given to my *Eſſex*,
That will be ſure to rid me ſoon of Torments;
And 'twill be kindneſs in thee——do my Lord,
Then we ſhall both be quit of pain together.

Eſſ. Ah why was I condemn'd to this, What Man
But *Eſſex* ever felt a weight like this!

C. *Eſſ.* O we muſt never part——Support my Head,
My ſinking Head, and lay it to the Pulſe,
The throbbing Pulſe that beats about thy Heart,
'Tis Muſick to my Sences——O my Love!
I have no tears left in me that ſhou'd eaſe
A wretch that longs for Pitty——I am paſt
All Pitty, and my poor tormented Heart
And Spirits within are quite conſum'd; and Tears
Which is the Balm, the Scorpions blood that cures
The biting pain of ſorrow, quite have left me,
And I am now a wretched hopeleſs Creature,
Full of ſubſtantial Miſery without
One drop of Remedy.

Eſſ. Th'art pale, thy Breath
Grows chill, and like the Morning Air on Roſes,
Leaves a cold Dew upon thy redder Lips——
She ſtrives, and holds me like a drowning wretch——
O now my Lords, if pitty ever bleſt you,
If you were never nurſt by Tygers, help me——
Now now, you cruel Heav'ns I plainly ſee,
'Tis not your Swords, your Axes, nor Diſeaſes,
Which make the Death of Man ſo fear'd, and painful,
But 'tis ſuch horrid Accidents as theſe——
She opens her Eyes, which with a waining look,
Like ſickly Stars give a faint glimmering Light.

C. *Eſſ.*

C. *Ess.* Where is my Love?
O think not to get loose, for I'm resolv'd
To stick more close to thee than Life; and when
That's going, mine shall run the Race with thine,
And both together reach the happy Goal.
Ess. Now I am shock'd, torn up, and rooted all
That's Humane in me——What you mercileſs Heavens,
What is't that makes poor Man distracted, mad,
Prophane, to curse the Day, himself, the Heav'ns
That made him, but less miseries than mine?
Why, why you Powers do you exact from Man
More than your World, and all that live beside!
The Sea is never calm when Tempests blow,
Tall Woods and Cedars murmur at the Wind,
And when your horrid Earth-quakes cleave the Ground,
The Center Groans, and Nature takes its part,
As if they did design to break your Laws,
And shake your Fetters off; nay your own Heavens,
When Thunders roar, Rebel, the Sun ingages,
And all the Warring Elements resist;
Heav'n, Seas, and Land are suffer'd to contend,
But Man alone is curst if he complain——
Farewell my everlasting Love, 'tis vain,
'Tis all in vain against resistless Fate
That pulls me fom thee. [*Gives her a Letter.*
Here, give this Paper to the Queen, which when
She reads, perhaps she will be kind to thee.
C. *Ess.* Wilt thou not let me go?
I am prepar'd to see the deadly stroke,
And at that time the fatal Axe falls on thee,
It will be sure to cut the twisted Cord
Of both our Lives asunder.
Ess. We must part——
Thou Miracle of Love, and Virtues all
Farewell, and may thy *Essex* sad Misfortunes
Be doubl'd all in Blessings on thy Soul——
Still, still thou grasps me like th'Fangs of Death——
Ha! now she faints, and like a Wretch
Striving to climb a steep, and slippery Beach,
With many hard Attempts gets up, and still

Slides

Slides down again, ſo ſhe lets go at laſt
Her eager hold, and ſinks beneath her weight——
Support her all——
Burl. My Lord ſhe will recover;
Pray leave her with her Women, and make uſe
Of this ſo kind an Opportunity
To part with her.
Eſſ. Cruel hard-hearted *Burleigh*!
Moſt Barbarous *Cecil.*
Burl. See my Lord,
She ſoon will come t'her ſelf, and you muſt leave her——
Haſte, away.
Lieut. Make way there.
Eſſ. Look to her Faithful Servants, while ſhe lives
She'll be a tender Miſtreſs to you all——
Come, puſh me off then, ſince I muſt Swim o're,
Why do I ſtand thus ſhivering on the Shore!
'Tis but a Breath, and I no more ſhall think,
Mix with the Sun, or into Attomes ſhrink:
Lift up thy Eyes no more in ſearch of mine,
Till I am dead, then glad the World with thine——
This kiſs (O that it wou'd for for ever laſt!)
Gives me of Immortallity a Taſt——
Farewell,
May all that's paſt when thou recover'ſt, ſeem
Like a glad waking from a fearful Dream.
Exeunt Eſſex *to Execution*, Burleigh, Rawleigh, *Lieut. and Guards.*
Manent Counteſs of Eſſex *with Women.*
Wom. See, ſhe revives.
C. *Eſſ.* Where is my *Eſſex*, where?
Wom. Alas I fear by this time he's no more.
C. *Eſſ.* Why did you wake me then from ſuch bright Objects?
I ſaw my *Eſſex* mount with Angels wings,
(Whileſt I rode on the beauteous Cherubin,)
And took me on 'em, bore me o're the World
Through everlaſting Skies, Eternal Light.
Wom. Be Comforted.
C. *Eſſ.* Sure we're the only Paire
Can boaſt of ſuch a Pomp of Miſery,

And none was e're substantially so curst
Since the first Couple that knew sorrow first;
Yet they were happy, and for Paradice
Found a new World unskill'd, unfraught with Vice,
No Tyrant to molest 'em, nor no Sword,
All that had Life Obedience did afford;
No Pride but Labour there, and healthful Pains,
Nor Thief to rob them of their honest Gaines:
Ambition now the Plague of ev'ry Thought,
Then was not known, or else was unbegot.

Enter the Queen, Countess of Nottingham, *Lords and Attendants.*

Queen. Behold where the poor *Rutland* lyes, almost
As dead, and low as *Essex* in his Grave
Can be, and I want but a very little
To be more miserable than 'em both——
Rise, rise unfortunate and mournful *Rutland*,
I know not what to call thee now, but wish
I could not call thee by the name of *Essex*——
Rise, and behold thy Queen I say,
That bends to take thee in her Armes.

C. *Ess.* O never think to charm me with such sounds,
Such hopes that are too distant from my Soul,
For 'tis but Preaching Heav'n to one that's Damn'd——
O take your pitty back most cruel Queen,
Give it to those that want it for a Cure,
My Griefs are Mortal, Remedies are vain,
And thrown away on such a Wretch as I——
Here is a Paper from my Lord to you
It was his last Request that you would Read it.

Queen. Giv't me——but oh how much more welcome had
The Ring been in its stead. [*Reads to her self.*]

C. *Nott.* Ha! I'm betray'd. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hast, see if Execution yet be done,
If not prevent it—Fly with Angels Wings—— [*Officer goes out.*]
Oh thou far worse than Serpent—worse than Woman!
Ah *Rutland*! here's the cruel cause of both our Woes,
Mark this, and help to Curse her for thy Husband.

The Queen reads the Letter.

Madam,

I Receive my Death with the willingneſs and Submiſſion of a Subject, and as it is the will of Heaven and of Your Majeſty, with this Requeſt that you wou'd be pleas'd to beſtow that Royal Pitty on my Poor Wife which is deny'd to me, and my laſt, flying Breath ſhall bleſs you. I have but one Thing to repent of ſince my Sentence, which is, that I ſent the Ring by Nottingham, *fearing it ſhou'd once put my Queen in mind of her broken Vow.*

Eſſex.

Repentance, Horrors, Plagues, and deadly Poyſons,
Worſe than a thouſand deaths torment thy Soul.

C. *Nott.* Madam——

Queen. Condemn me firſt to hear the Groans of Ghoſts,
The Croaks of Ravens, and the Damn'd in Torments
Juſt Heaven, 'tis Muſick to what thou canſt utter;
Begon—Fly to that utmoſt Verge of Earth,
Where the Globe's bounded with Eternity,
And never more be ſeen of Humane kind,
Curſt with long Life and with a fear to dye,
With thy Guilt ever in thy Memory,
And *Eſſex* Ghoſt be ſtill before thy Eye.

C. *Nott.* I do confeſs——

Queen. Quick, bear her from my ſight, her words are blaſting,
Her Eyes are Baſilisks, Infection reigns
Where e're ſhe Breathes; go ſhut her in a Cave,
Or Chain her to ſome Rock whole Worlds from hence,
The diſtance is too near; There let her Live
Howling to th'Seas to rid her of her pain,
For ſhe and I muſt never meet again——
Away with her.

C. *Nott*, I go—but have this comfort in my Doom;
I leave you all with greater Plagues at home. *Exit* Nott.

Enter Burleigh *and* Rawleigh.

Burl. Madam your Orders came too late——
The Earl was Dead——

Queen. Then I wiſh thou wer't dead that ſay'ſt it,

But

But I'll be juſt and curſe none but my ſelf——
What ſaid he when he came ſo ſoon to dye?

Burl. Indeed his End, made ſo by woful Caſualties,
Was very ſad and full of pitty,
But at the Block all Hero he appear'd,
Or elſe, to give him a more Chriſtian Title,
A Martyr Arm'd with Reſolution,
Said little, but did bleſs your Majeſty,
And dy'd full of forgiveneſs to the World,
As was no doubt his Soul that ſoon expir'd.

Queen. Come thou choice Relickt of lamented *Eſſex*,
Call me no more by th' name of Queen, but Friend.
When thy dear Husband's Death Reveng'd ſhall be,
Pitty my Fate, but lay no Guilt on me,
Since 'tis th'Almighty's Pleaſure, though ſevere,
To puniſh thus his Faithful Regents here,
To lay on Kings his hardeſt Task of Rule,
And yet has given 'em but a Humane Soul.
The ſubtle Paths of Traytors hearts to view
Reaſon's too dark, a hundred Eyes too few;
Yet when by Subjects we have been betray'd,
The blame is ours, their Crimes on us are laid,
And that which makes a Monarchs happineſs,
Is not in Reigning well, but with Succeſs.

Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

WE Act by Fits and Starts, like drowning Men,
But just Peep up, and then Dop down again;
Let those who call us Wicked change their Sence,
For never Men liv'd more on Providence,
Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor;
Nor Broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore,
Not Courts nor Courtiers living on the Rents,
Of the Three last ungiving Parliaments.
So wretched that if Pharoah *could Divine,*
He might have spar'd his Dream of Seven lean Kine,
And chang'd the Vision for the Muses Nine.
The Comet which they say Portends a Dearth,
Was but a Vapour drawn from Play-house Earth,
Pent here since our last Fire, and Lilly *sayes,*
Fore-shows our change of State and thin Third dayes.
'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us Poor,
For then the Printers Press would suffer more:
Their Pamphleteers their Venom dayly spit,
They thrive by Treason and we starve by Wit.
Confess the truth, which of you has not laid To the Upper Gallery.
Four Farthings out to buy the Hatfield *Maid?*
Or what is duller yet, and more to spight us,
Democritus *his Wars with* Heraclitus?
These are the Authors that have run us down,
And Exercise you Critticks of the Town;
Yet these are Pearls to your Lampooning Rhimes,
T' abuse your selves more dully than the Times;
Scandal, *the Glory of the* English *Nation,*
Is worn to Rags and Scribled out of Fashion;
Such harmless thrusts, as if like Fencers Wise,
You had agreed your Play before the Prize.
Faith you may hang your Harps upon the Willows,
'Tis just like Children when they Box with Pillows.
Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame,
Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,
Throw down his Pen, and give her if he can,
The Satisfaction of a Gentleman.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Intended to be ſpoken, Written by the Author.

'TIS ſaid, when the Renown'd Auguſtus *Reign'd,*
That all the World in Peace and Wealth Remain'd,
And though the School of Action, War was o're,
Arms, Arts, and Letters then increas'd the more.
All theſe ſprung from our Royal Virgins Bays,
And flouriſh'd better than in Cæſar's *Dayes;*
And only in her time at once was ſeen
So brave a Soldier, States-man, and a Queen. Eſſex *and* Burleigh.
Her Reign may be compar'd to that above,
As the beſt Poet, Cæſar's *did to* Jove:
For as great Julius *built the mighty'ſt Throne,*
And left Rome's *firſt large Empire to his Son,*
Under whoſe weight, till her, we all did groan;
So her great Father was the firſt that ſtruck
Rome's *Triple Crown; but ſhe threw off the Yoak:*
Straight at her Birth new Light the Heav'ns adorn'd,
Which more than Fifteen hundred years had mourn'd.——
But hold, I'm bid to let you underſtand,
That when our Poet took this work in Hand,
He trembl'd ſtraight like Prophets in a Dream,
Her awful Genius ſtood, and threaten'd him;
Her modeſt Beauties only he has ſhown,
And has her Character ſo nicely drawn,
That if her ſelf in pureſt Robes of Light,
Shou'd come from Heav'n, and bleſs us with her ſight,
She wou'd not bluſh to hear what he has Writ.
Therefore——————
To all the ſhining Sex this Play's addreſt,
But more the Court, *the Plannets of the reſt;*
You who on Earth are Man's beſt, ſofteſt Fate,
So that when Heav'n with ſome ruff Peace has met,
It ſends him you to mould, and new Create.
Strange wayes to Virtue, ſome may think to prove,
But yet the beſt, and ſureſt Path is Love;
Love like the Ermine, is ſo nice a Gueſt,
It never enters in a vitious Breaſt ——
If you are pleas'd, we will be bold to ſay,
This modeſt Poem is the Ladies Play.

FINIS

A Catalogue of some Plays Printed for R. Bently, and M. Magnes, in Ruſſel-Street, near Covent-Garden.

ALL the Tragedies and Comedies of *Francis Beumont* and *John Fleſher*, in one Volume, containing fifty one Plays.

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Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bride.

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Oedipus King of *Thebes*.

Theodoſius, or the Force of Love.

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Madam *Fickle*: or the Witty Falſe one.

Books Printed this Year.

The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Siſters.

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The Fool turn'd Critick, a Comedie.

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The Miſtaken Husband, a Comedy.

Mr. *Limberham*, or the Kind Keeper.

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Sertorius. A Tragedie.

Tamberlain the Great.

King Lear.

The *Unhappy Favourite*, or the Earl of *Eſſex*.

Thyeſtes, a Tragedy.

Othello, the Moor of *Venice*.

Novels Printed this Year, 1680.

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The Amours of the *French* King and Madam *Lanilar*.

The Amours of Madam and the Count *de-Guich*.

The Pilgrim: A Satyrical Novel on the horrible Villanies of thoſe Perſons.

The Secret Hiſtory of the Earl of *Eſſex* and Queen *Elizabeth*.

The Policy of the Clergie of *France*, to ſuppreſs the Proteſtants of that Kingdom.